

NOV 28 1928

Advise correspondents of
publishers of your
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THE
ROTARIAN

BISHOP WM
AND AFFOR NICH

OCTOBER ~ 1928

Among European Rotarians

By Hubert Sedgwick

And So to Luncheon

By Dwight Marvin

The Jury System
on Trial

By Judge Cornelius Doremus

"Sidelinitis"

By Willard B. Bellack

A Rotary Review of Events

By the Editor

☺ Single Copy ~ 25 Cents ☺

Do you buy advertised goods?

Of course you do; everybody does. Just run over in your mind the various articles that you have purchased in the last week or the last month. How about foods? Your breakfast fruits, cereals and bacon are all advertised. Probably that is how you first came to know of them—through advertising. Probably the shoes you are wearing, or the dress or suit you have on are equally well-known advertised makes, and you are proud of them.

In the home. On the floor are rugs and linoleums—the better wearing kinds are extensively advertised. What about the kitchen? Aluminum ware, gas ranges, hot water heaters, dish and clothes washers, cooking utensils of all kinds—practically everything you use is advertised. You buy advertised products because you have confidence in them. You know that a manufacturer cannot afford to advertise shoddy or unworthy merchandise.

Advertising is one form of insurance. It gives you a feeling of perfect confidence and safety when you ask for an advertised brand, for you know that you will get the quality and service you expect. The name is the guarantee.

The more you read advertising the more you will know about human progress. You will become well posted in almost every line of human endeavor and a canny judge of values. Reading advertisements is a fine habit. Cultivate it.



*Read the advertisements and
buy advertised goods. They
are the safest investment*

"Unaccustomed as I am—



...Yet 4 Weeks Later He Swept Them Off Their Feet!

IN a daze he slumped to his seat. Failure when a good impression before these men meant so much. Over the coffee next morning, his wife noticed his gloomy, preoccupied air.

"What's the trouble, dear?"

"Oh, nothing. I just fumbled my big chance last night, that's all!"

"John! You don't mean that your big idea didn't go over!"

"I don't think so. But, Great Scott, I didn't know they were going to let me do the explaining. I outlined it to Bell—he's the public speaker of our company! I thought he was going to do the talking!"

"But, dear, that was so foolish. It was your idea—why let Bell take all the credit? They'll never recognize your ability if you sit back all the time. You really ought to learn how to speak in public!"

"Well, I'm too told to go to school now. And, besides, I haven't got the time!"

"Say, I've got the answer to that. Where's that magazine?"

"Here, read this. Here's an internationally known institute that offers a home study course in effective speaking. They offer a free book entitled *How to Work Wonders With Words*, which tells how any man can develop his natural speaking ability. Why not send for it?"

He did. And a few minutes' reading of

this amazing book changed the entire course of John Harkness' business career. It showed him how a simple and easy method, in 20 minutes a day would train him to dominate one man or thousands—convince one man or many—how to talk at business meetings, lodges, banquets and social affairs. It banished all the mystery and magic of effective speaking and revealed the natural Laws of Conversation that distinguish the powerful speaker from the man who never knows what to say.

Four weeks sped by quickly. His associates were mystified by the change in his attitude. He began for the first time to voice his opinions at business conferences. Fortunately, the opportunity to resubmit his plan occurred a few weeks later. But this time he was ready. "Go ahead with the plan," said the president, when Harkness had finished his talk. "I get your idea much more clearly now. And I'm creating a new place for you—there's room at the top in our organization for men who know how to talk!"

And his newly developed talent has created other advantages for him. He is a sought-after speaker for civic banquets and lodge affairs. Social leaders compete for his attendance at dinners because he is such an interesting talker. And he lays all the credit for his success to his wife's suggestion and to the facts contained in this free book, *How to Work Wonders With Words*.

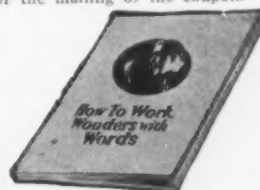
For fifteen years the North American Institute has been proving to men that ability to express one's self is the result of training, rather than a

natural gift, of a chosen few. Any man with a grammar school education can absorb and apply quickly the natural Laws of Conversation. With these laws in mind, the faults of timidity, self-consciousness, stage fright and lack of poise disappear; repressed ideas and thoughts come forth in words of fire.

Send for This Amazing Book

Have you an open mind? Then send for the free book *How to Work Wonders With Words*. Over 65,000 men in all walks of life, including many bankers, lawyers, politicians and other prominent men, have found in this book a key that has opened a veritable floodgate of natural speaking ability. See for yourself how you can become a popular and dominating speaker! Your copy is waiting for you—free—simply for the mailing of the coupon.

Now
Sent
FREE



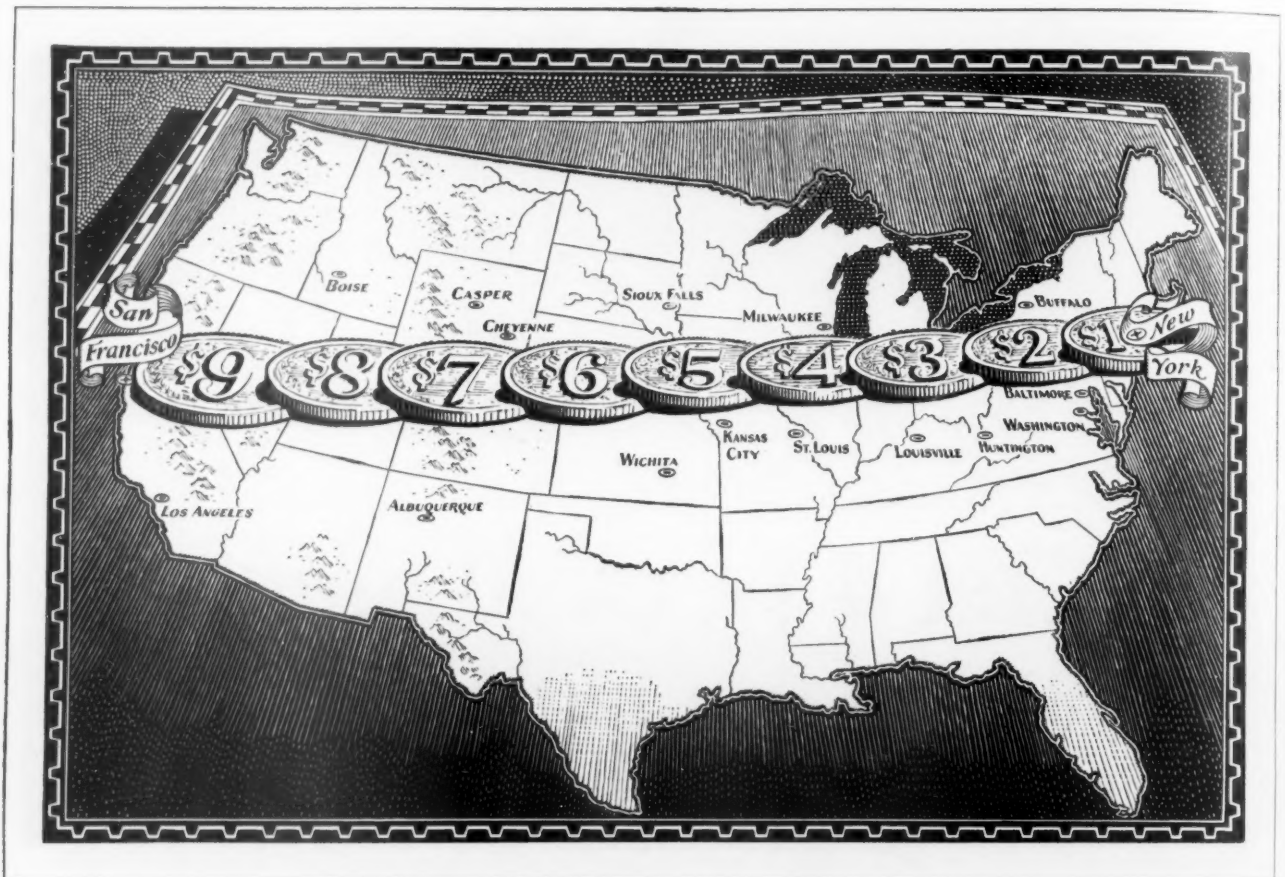
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3601 Michigan Ave., Chicago.

Please send me FREE and without obligation my copy of your inspiring booklet, *How to Work Wonders with Words*, and full information regarding your course in Effective Speaking.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

How Cheaply you can "Travel" by Telephone



An Advertisement for Bell Long Distance Telephone Service

UNDER the latest station to station day rates, you can now "travel" the thousands of miles to a point across the continent and return by telephone for only \$9.00. From Dallas to New Orleans and return for only \$2.20. From Detroit to Chicago and back for only \$1.35. From San Diego to Mexico City and return for only \$10.50.

A Chicago business man recently had to endeavor to close negotiations with 30 concerns in 12 cities. Preliminary work had been done, but personal contact was necessary. In one day, he saved 5000 miles of physical travel and at least ten days' time from his office. He made four long distance calls to New York. Two to Buffalo. One to Syracuse. One to Covington, Va. Six

to Pittsburgh. Five to Cleveland. One to Louisville. Two to St. Louis. Two to Kansas City. Two to St. Paul. Three to Milwaukee and one to New Orleans.

His negotiations were successful in 60% of the calls. "In many cases," says this man, "the long distance telephone call is actually superior to a personal call. It gets an immediate audience."

The president of a large Philadelphia rubber company has each one of his salesmen call him at the end of the day. Often large sales that a man is about to give up as hopeless are saved by the suggestions received from his president by Long Distance.

What distant trips could you profitably make today by telephone? . . . *Number, please!*



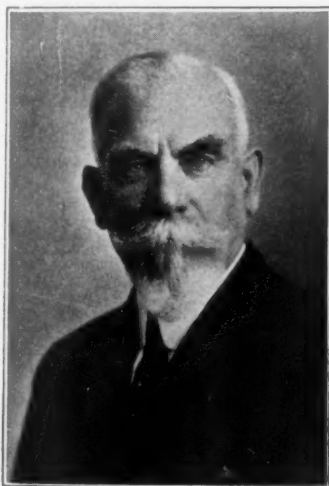
Just Among Ourselves

THE ROTARIAN's first vacation photographs competition was an outstanding success. Some five hundred entries were received from Rotarians and the number of countries represented was gratifying. The judges are busy selecting the prize-winning pictures which will be published in the November Number. With few exceptions the photographs represent an exceptionally high standard.

The article "Militarism and the Schools" which was presented in the September Number brought, as we expected, a number of letters from Rotarians and other readers who took issue with the author. These letters are now receiving the careful attention of the Editor.

This month a new feature is introduced—a Rotary review of events in various parts of the world. This monthly digest, we trust, will enable members to keep in closer touch with the diverse activities of their organization. We shall appreciate any cooperation which will aid us in presenting such material more fully and speedily.

Plans also are being made for a more comprehensive handling of the club activities department, and for a resumption of the "unusual stories of



Louis Favre—who contributes the article "High Vocational Standards"

unusual men," which proved so popular with many readers. While it is somewhat too early for any definite announcement, we hope to tell you more of our plans next month.

How do you like the double page of "world landmarks?" Would you like more of these—and their accompanying problems in identification?

From our editorial windows we witnessed a demonstration of radio con-

VOLUME 33

NUMBER 4

THE ROTARIAN

Published Monthly by Rotary International

I. B. SUTTON, President

CHESLEY R. PERRY, Secretary

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Other Features and Departments: Frontispiece—October: by Stephen Wright (page 6); Budapest—View from the Danube (page 14); Rotary Club Activities (page 35); Among Our Letters (page 56).

THE ROTARIAN is published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, by Rotary International. I. B. Sutton, Tampico, Mexico, president; Thomas Stephenson, Edinburgh, Scotland, first vice-president; Almon E. Roth, Palo Alto, California, second vice-president; Dr. Eduardo Moore, Santiago, Chile, third vice-president. Directors: William C. Achard, Zurich, Switzerland; William H. Campbell, Rochester, New York; John E. Carlson, Kansas City, Kansas; Joseph A. Caulder, Regina, Canada; R. L. Hill, Columbia, Missouri; S. Wade Marr, Raleigh, North Carolina; Arthur H. Sapp, Huntington, Indiana; Josef Schulz, Prague, Czechoslovakia. Secretary, Chesley R. Perry, Chicago, Illinois. Treasurer, Rufus F. Chapin, Chicago, Illinois.

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A word from the publisher

. . . about advertising

THE products you see consistently advertised in this magazine are worthy of your confidence.

It takes two things to make a consistent advertiser. One is a strong conviction that he has a product that will hold its place in public favor despite competition. The other is actual proof of that . . . the increasing popularity of his product.

If his product will not stand the test of comparison he would simply be throwing his advertising investment away. If the buying public rejects his product after it has been offered in advertising he *has* thrown his advertising investment away.

That's why the manufacturer who advertises his merchandise consistently is very sure of his quality . . . and why you may be sure of it, too.



Read the advertising here in your magazine . . . it will guide you to the buying of worthy merchandise

trol of automobiles—saw a car follow the radio specialist as a dog might follow his master. Among other things the demonstration reminded us of the manner in which good writing—which is another term for good thinking—sets men and materials moving at will. Also—and still more impressive—it reminded us of the way in which one good deed sets people to moving. All of which leads to a matter of editorial policy which has been stressed in these columns a number of times. The editors are presenting those articles each month that reflect Rotary in its best phases and that help to crystallize our thinking on those timely issues and events in which Rotarians should be interested.

Who's Who—In This Number

Dwight Marvin, A. M., LL.B., was born in Auburn, New York, and studied at Princeton, Williams, and Union University. Now he edits the *Record* at Troy, New York, and takes keen interest in philanthropies. He has been vice-president of the Rotary Club of Troy and chairman of the Publications Committee of Rotary International. **Allan N. Monkhouse** lives in Disley, Cheshire, and has been on the editorial staff of the *Manchester Guardian* since 1902. After some business experience he took up journalism and has published several books and plays. For recreation — loitering in a garden. **Hubert Sedgwick** writes that he is "just a plain member" of Rotary at New Haven, Connecticut, where he holds the classification of journalist. A recent European trip and a visit with six Rotary clubs in Europe provided the theme for his article which is published in this Number. **Louis Favre** had a long career as a professor before he turned his attention to industrial and philanthropic work. Amongst the worth-while things he has originated were the first school refectories for needy children, and the first gardens for workmen in Switzerland. He was also founder and first president of the Rotary Club of Geneva and was governor of the Fifty-fourth Rotary District (Switzerland).

Judge Cornelius Doremus is a Rotarian of Ridgewood, New Jersey, and has practiced for many years at the New York bar. Recently he gave an address before his home club from which the material in his article this month has been adapted. **Percy B. Prior** of Sydney, Australia, has contributed informative articles to many magazines. **G. E. R. Gedy** was for several years a continental correspondent of the London *Times* and still contributes to that newspaper. His writing also appears in both British and American magazines, and he is the author of a book on Australian travel to be published this fall. **Willard B. Bellack** is a Rotarian of Columbus, Wisconsin, and is engaged in the retailing of men's clothing. **Thomas Arkle Clark** has been dean of men at the University of Illinois for more than a quarter of a century. He has enjoyed the confidence of thousands of students and their parents, has written many magazine articles and some books on college problems. He holds Rotary membership in the club at Urbana, Illinois.

How do you buy?

WHEN you enter a store to buy anything, how do you ask for it? Do you call for the articles by name, or do you generalize—a can of tomato soup; a bag of flour; an aluminum kettle; so many square yards of linoleum; a meat grinder?

It is much better and far more satisfactory to specify the articles you want by name, for merchandise that is good enough to be sold by name is almost always better in quality, and usually no higher in price, than goods of uncertain lineage and less certain quality.

The advertising columns of this newspaper carry advertised names that are familiar to millions of people. Soap, flour, sugar, cereals, kitchen-ware, rugs, linoleum, automobiles, etc. They represent those articles that stand for the best in their respective classes of merchandise—quality all through.

Advertising keeps these names before you constantly. Advertising is a constant reminder that the articles you want are the same articles that you see advertised day after day—that justify their being by the service they render. And advertising brings you news—of inventions, discoveries, improvements that keep you up to date.

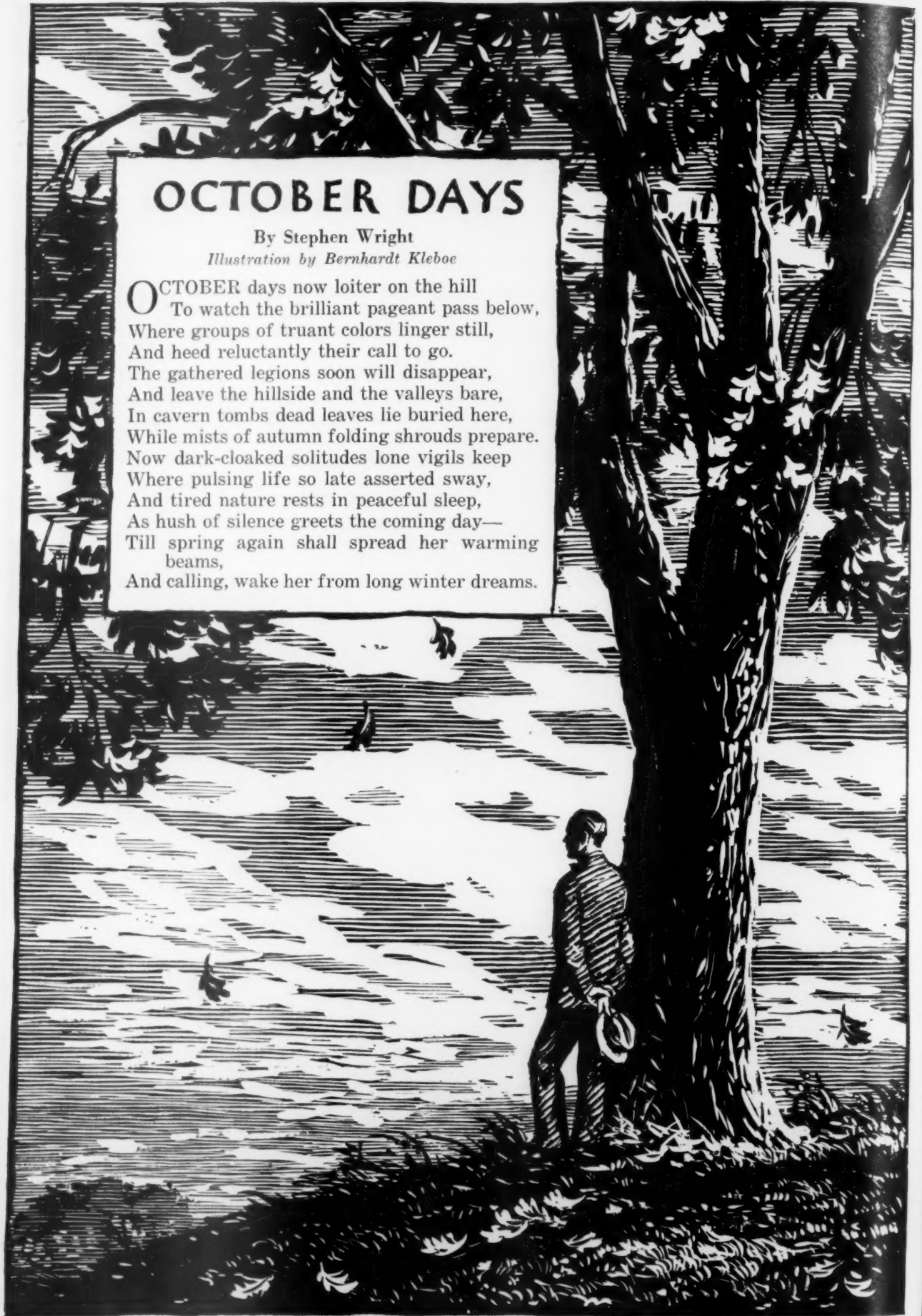
Tell the sales-clerk what you want by its advertised name. You'll get it—and your money will purchase full value. It pays to read advertising and remember advertised names.

OCTOBER DAYS

By Stephen Wright

Illustration by Bernhardt Kleboe

OCTOBER days now loiter on the hill
To watch the brilliant pageant pass below,
Where groups of truant colors linger still,
And heed reluctantly their call to go.
The gathered legions soon will disappear,
And leave the hillside and the valleys bare,
In cavern tombs dead leaves lie buried here,
While mists of autumn folding shrouds prepare.
Now dark-cloaked solitudes lone vigils keep
Where pulsing life so late asserted sway,
And tired nature rests in peaceful sleep,
As hush of silence greets the coming day—
Till spring again shall spread her warming
beams,
And calling, wake her from long winter dreams.



On Taking Over

By THE EDITOR

WHEN Ches Perry, some years ago, passed to me the message "Come over here," I pondered over it and put it aside. Kipling's lines, "Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet," applied to Rotary, as to all else. For seven years, I had been thinking, writing, and working for it in conditions vastly different from those of the headquarters of Rotary. I had the fear of the base that, to many soldiers, is far deadlier than fear of the front.

In the years that have passed, some things have happened to remove my doubts. Chief among these is the Ostend convention, which proved it to be possible to work together, to meet together and to think together on the broad issues of Rotary worldwide. On the eve of the convention, the International Board for the time being, suggested to me, with Ches Perry's concurrence, that I should relieve him of one of his many burdens—that of THE ROTARIAN. Sensed of the compliment thus paid not merely to me but to British and European Rotary, I accepted the trust.

Immigration formalities held me at home far longer than I would have wished, and only on September 1st did I take my chair at headquarters. Obviously there has not been time yet for me to settle in—either mentally or physically—so in this issue, I content myself with only a few brief words to those whom it will be my privilege to serve.

Rotary, like every other organization, has its official organ, and THE ROTARIAN is the chief source from which the 140,000 or so members of Rotary clubs throughout the world draw their information and, perhaps, their inspiration. It is the task of the editor and staff to collect the news of Rotary from all the four corners of the earth and to present it in the most attractive forms:

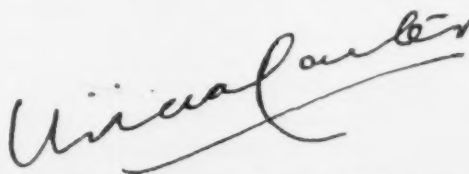
also, to comment on the news in the light of its significance to the movement as a whole.

The "news" of Rotary in which we are interested is not the purely local news, but that in which is exemplified the spirit of service in all its manifestations—the individual, the craft, the community.

In our work of collecting and commenting on news, we have in mind the fact that Rotary is the pioneer of the great movement of service clubs for business and professional men. As such, it is of interest to the world outside its own circle. It will be our endeavor to do justice not only to our own membership, our clubs, and our units of administration, but to present Rotary thought and Rotary action in ways that may disarm unfriendly and ill-informed criticism, and even stimulate in the communities of the world the desire to go and do likewise.

The Rotarian has no monopoly of the ideal of service, of what we may call practical altruism; but belonging as he does to a world-wide organization of unique character, he has the trust and the opportunity to put the ideal into practice.

The magazine, in each successive issue, should be able to show a light of which there is great need in a world none too well illuminated; and if we are to succeed in our editorial service, it can only be with the sympathy and active cooperation of all who have something of real worth to contribute.



Editor and Manager
of THE ROTARIAN.

Chicago, September 1st, 1928.

The ROTARIAN

Published by Rotary International

An international magazine devoted to the advancement of the Ideal of Service and its application to personal, business, community, and international life.

OCTOBER
1928

VOLUME XXXIII
No. 4

A Rotary Review of Events

By THE EDITOR

North America



M. Eugene Newsom,
Chairman of Committee
on Aims and Objects

IT is our purpose in these opening pages to take a glance over the world and to note events that are marks of progress.

North America is concerned mainly with the struggle for leadership between candidates for the highest office who are more nearly matched than in recent years. To the casual observer, the political contest proceeds without excessive heat or enmity, and the newspapers and other media of public

expression show a reasonable fairness towards both sides.

An unenviable notoriety still attaches to the city of Chicago on account of the activities of organized crime. The outside world should, however, not make the mistake of supposing that general anarchy exists in this great city. In fact, it goes its busy way in peace and prosperity. The crimes which shock the world are the work of gangsters of alien nationality, and are due to the internal struggles of secret societies and their conflict with authority.

Just as other communities have, sooner or later, stamped out this kind of crime—for instance, Ireland, India, Italy in times past—so the world may be confident that Chicago will restore order in due season.

The most picturesque recent North American event in Rotary organization was the holding at the end of August of a meeting of the International Committee on Aims and Objects in the remoteness of the Rocky Mountains—at Black Lake, Colorado. In these far-away surroundings representative men from America and Europe framed the preliminaries of a program on the four divisions—Vocational Service, Club Service, Community Service, and International Service. The details will be worked out in Chicago in November, and later on by Rotarians in the various areas where special conditions obtain.

The viewpoint of Rotarians on the European

side was effectively championed by Sydney W. Pascall, of London, vice-chairman of the committee, who put aside his summer vacation in order to be present at Black Lake. The general chairman is M. Eugene Newsom, and the chairman of the sectional committees are Roy Ronald, Carl L. Faust, Paul F. Edquist, and James W. Davidson. Present also were International President Sutton, Secretary Chesley Perry, and Past President Crawford C. McCullough.

The brief report of the meeting records that "outside of the working hours there was some fishing but that is another story."

Continent of Europe



The Hon. Frank B. Kellogg,
U. S. Secretary of
State

THE interest of Rotary in the conclusion of the Kellogg Treaty at Paris was signified by a letter addressed to the U. S. Secretary of State by President Sutton, who wrote as follows:

August 11, 1928.

The Honorable Frank B. Kellogg,
Secretary of State,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Secretary:

May I express to you, in the name of the Rotarians of forty-four nations, whose greatest desire it is to bring about universal understanding and good-will, our great admiration and appreciation of your outstanding work in connection with the proposed multilateral anti-war treaty.

You have performed such a tremendous service that we know of no other action in the history of mankind destined to bring greater happiness to the human family.

The fact that it has already merited the acceptance by the principal nations of the world, leads us to believe and hope that it will be truly universal and be accepted by the entire civilized world; surely no more transcendent accomplishment of statesmanship has ever been recorded.

In extending my congratulations, I am happy to pay homage to a countryman of mine who has been able to render so great a service in this manner to the entire world.

I beg you, Sir, to accept the assurance of my highest esteem.

Very sincerely,

I. B. SUTTON,
President.

THE event of Rotary in Europe of the near future will be the holding at Paris of the first session of the European Advisory Committee on October 27-28.

The committee is composed of the district governors in Europe, representatives from Great Britain and Ireland, one representative from each nation having three or more clubs not represented by a governor. The presiding officer is the special commissioner for Europe, Rotarian T. C. Thomsen, and Russell V. Williams, of Zurich headquarters, is the Secretary.



T. C. Thomsen, Chairman, European Advisory Committee

There will also be present representatives of Germany and Hungary, and possibly directors of Rotary International resident in Europe may exercise their privilege of attending without vote. These Rotarians are: Thomas Stephenson, (Edinburgh), William Achard, (Zurich), and Joseph Schulz, (Prague).

Two committee chairmen of Rotary International will attend, M. Eugene Newsom, (Aims and Objects) and Paul H. King, (Extension) to explain their respective programs.

Great Britain and Ireland

ROTARIANS in the British Isles are largely concerned with re-fitting their internal organization to meet the world conditions. Since the national association was formed (in 1913) the movement has grown so rapidly alike in the Islands and elsewhere, that the outlook has naturally broadened, and the desire for insular independence has lessened. What is known as the scheme for "area administration," adopted in principle by British Rotarians at their two last annual conferences, has now materialized in a concrete plan. Briefly, the districts of Britain and Ireland, sixteen in number, will become districts of Rotary International. In order to afford facilities to the governors of these districts to confer, what is known as an Area Council will be formed, consisting of the said governors. Presiding over it will be an area president elected at the annual conference. There will also be an area vice-president, treasurer, and secretary, and some additional members. The area council will function under the constitution of Rotary International, as revised at Ostend, which provides that—

"The Board may group districts geographically contiguous into areas, if such districts are favorable to the plan: and for such areas the Board may authorize and set up such area administration organization as the Board may deem necessary and advisable."



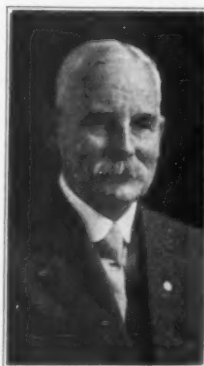
Paul H. King, Chairman, Committee on Extension

In order to adjust details, Rotary International has appointed three Rotarians of standing to form a consultative committee with three representatives of the British area. The names of this committee are—for Rotary International: Guy Gundaker, past president; Raymond J. Knoepfel, past director; Frank L. Mulholland, past president. For the British area: Arthur Chadwick, president; Wilfred Andrews, vice-president; H. D. Darbishire, (Liverpool), chairman of drafting committee.

A meeting of these six Rotarians will take place at an early date, probably in London.

The Directors of the association of Rotary Clubs in Great Britain and Ireland were unanimous in appointing Assistant Secretary Frederick C. Hickson to be their Executive Secretary as from August 1st as successor to Vivian Carter, appointed editor and manager of THE ROTARIAN. The Editorship of the Rotary Wheel will be a separate appointment, the filling of which will be announced later.

Overseas Conferences and Exhibitions



Charles Rhodes, Former Director of Rotary International

THOSE who scoff at the growth of the conference habit, and blame Rotary very largely for it, will doubtless agree that conferences of men of different states and nations on a fellowship and service basis must be a means of furthering understanding and peace. We have to record a number of such conferences this month. First there is the Pacific Rotary Conference at Tokyo which is opening with the month of October.

Under the auspices of Japan, delegations are being welcomed from Australia, New Zealand, Hawaii, and western America. Three hundred are expected. President Sutton and Mrs. Sutton, Past Vice-President Frank and Mrs. Lamb, Ben Gelling, past commissioner for Australia, Carl S. Carlsmith of Hilo, Hawaii, Charles Rhodes, past governor of New Zealand district and former director of Rotary International, and H. J. Brunner, of San Francisco, former director of Rotary International, will be present.

The Australian district conference will take place at the new capital, Canberra, (concerning which an article appears on another page of this issue) on March 12th. It is intended to organize aerial transportation from all parts of the continent.

Two international exhibitions are to be held in Spain in the new year, to which Rotarians are specially invited. One is at Barcelona, another at Seville. The former is a world exposition, the latter, an Ibero-American one. The date of the Seville Exposition is March 15th, and it will be opened by the King of Spain. All the republics of South and Central America are taking part, as well as the United States. The area covered by the Barcelona exhibition is 260,000 square metres, and there will be Palaces of Agriculture, Clothing and Textile Industries, Electricity and Motive

Force, Industrial and Applied Arts, Building Arts, Graphic Arts, Cinematography, Sports, Industry, Communications, Foreign Buildings, Spanish Art, a Stadium and a particularly large and novel Amusement Park. Exhibits from France, Germany, Austria, Sweden, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Poland, Switzerland, Belgium, Denmark, Holland, Norway, and Roumania are promised and more are desired.

Rotarians from other parts who are able to visit these exhibitions should communicate their names to the secretaries of the Rotary Clubs of Barcelona and Seville respectively.

Founder of Rotary in Europe



President Cosgrave,
Irish Free State

IT was to be expected that the Founder of Rotary, Paul P. Harris, would have some items of interest to bring back with him from a tour of the British Isles and the European Continent, and among those is the following (taken from the first of a series of articles he wrote at the request of the editor of the British "Rotary Wheel," and now appearing).

"The Rotary Club of Dublin gave me a meeting Wednesday, July 6th, and in the afternoon it was my privilege to be introduced to President Cosgrave by a Rotarian who, in the presence of the President said 'A brief period has passed since the time when I was a British officer on service in Ireland. This man (referring to the President) was under penalty of death.'

"That's right" replied Cosgrave "and it may be interesting to you to know that I have just appointed to a judgeship the lawyer who prosecuted the case against me so efficiently that he obtained the death penalty."

"I remember," remarks Paul Harris "a time-honored but not frequently observed adjuration about turning the other cheek when smitten on the one. There it was in real life, and, Holy smoke, they were Irish!"

Here is a quaint little experience of Paul Harris in Germany—where Rotary is so very very new and strange.

"Neither in Cologne nor in Hamburg was I called upon by the chairman to speak as had been the practice elsewhere. The natural result was that I did not speak until it had become in other ways manifest that I was expected to do so. In Hamburg T. C. (Commissioner Thomsen) astounded me somewhat by seizing the gavel, calling the meeting to order and making a brief address on matters of current interest to German Rotarians, after which, by various signs and exclamations, he indicated to me that it would be quite in order for

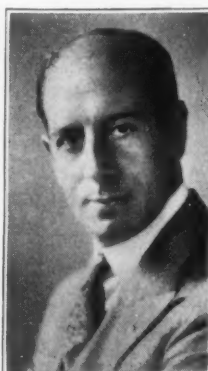


Walter A. Drummond, of
Melbourne, Australia

me to do likewise. I could not, however, readily overcome my reluctance in becoming my own announcer until it became apparent that it must be then or never. Whereupon I arose and am quite certain said just the wrong thing. Was it that the German Rotarians were averse to hearing speeches? I am satisfied that it was not. Their omission was due to a difference in custom and to an innate delicacy which prevented them from calling upon me to do something which I possibly might not be in a humor to do."

Rotarians who have travelled in Europe (not the British Isles) will recall that the familiar luncheon address is by no means a feature as elsewhere. If, however, anybody is so odd as to want to make one, then he gets the attention of polite curiosity. This does not mean any lack of conversation.

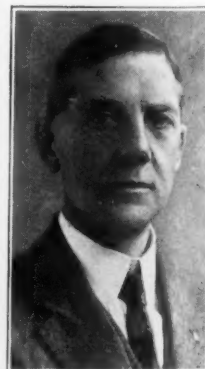
Losses to Rotary Service



The late James Carmichael,
of Leicester, England

ROTARY service has to regret the loss through death and ill-health of three of its hardest workers. James Carmichael, of Leicester, England, is one. As organizer of the European delegation to the Minneapolis Convention he earned laurels. It was the largest "boat-load" of Rotarians that has yet crossed the Atlantic, and also the most representative of race. James served as member of the Rotary International extension committee in 1926-27 and one of his outstanding achievements was to initiate Rotary clubs in Capetown and many other cities of the sub-continent. He spoke almost as a native, and at European conferences was a familiar figure. His friends attribute his early death in some measure to his exceptional efforts in Rotary service, undertaken against his doctor's orders. It was while presiding at a social gathering in his own city that he collapsed from heart failure.

The other two losses to active Rotary service due to ill-health, are of the secretary of the Melbourne Club (Walter A. Drummond) who has undergone a serious operation and Rotarian A. J. Hutchinson, honorary secretary of the Auckland, New Zealand, Rotary Club, who has retired from the office of honorary secretary which he has held since the founding of the club in 1921. Ill-health, business reasons, and a desire to let somebody else have the experience has caused "Hutch" to step back into the ranks. He says: "I can say that Rotary has brought me many real and true friends throughout the entire civilized world. I have been in active correspondence with men who, if it had not been for Rotary, I would never have known. The fact that I have resigned as secretary will make no difference in my interest in and service to Rotary."



A. J. Hutchinson, of
Auckland, N. Z.

"Sidelinitis"

Dr. Manton discovers a disease of retail business

By WILLARD B. BELLACK

OUR next meeting will be in the hands of the Vocational Service Committee," announced President Charley as the meeting adjourned Thursday noon.

Immediately following the adjournment gavel the three members of the Vocational Service Committee held an impromptu conference. As a matter of fact it was the first meeting they had held since their appointment.

"Seems to me," said Jack, "that Doc ought to handle the next meeting. He is chairman of this committee and besides the medical profession is noted for the extremely ethical way in which it operates."

"Operates is right!" said Skinny, "but nevertheless I second the selection of the speaker for next week and as there are only three members to this committee, I hereby declare Doc duly elected as the main speaker for next Thursday."

"It's very nice of you to want me to speak and all that, but one of you fellows who is a business man should take care of that program next week. It isn't a Professional Methods Committee you know. I think that Skinny ought to be the man to arrange this program."

"Perfectly agreeable with me," said Skinny, "and I will arrange for the program right now. Next week Dr. Manton will talk to the members of Rotary on the subject 'Better Business Methods.'"

"If you fellows insist, I suppose I can hash up something for the meeting but I do think you are off the track in your selection of a speaker. Right now I have a case that needs my attention and I haven't time to argue any further about it." Doc hurried away.

Two or three evenings later Dr. Manton was still wondering what kind of a talk he was going to give the Rotary club. Slumped in his easy chair with his favorite pipe he had been looking over the suggestions by the Vocational Service Committee from Rotary International which he had obtained from the secretary of the club. Although he found many suggestions that were good, somehow none of them seemed to suit the condition in Idolton where there were no factories worth mentioning and with less than 2,000 peo-

Today there is a growing demand for simplification in business—a demand based on the fact that this makes for cheaper and better goods. Similarly in this article, sponsored by the International Committee on Vocational Service, is a demand that "the cobbler stick to his last." In presenting this material Rotary International hopes to discover the attitude of individuals, and of trade associations, toward the conditions mentioned.

ple within the city limits. Doc had made up his mind that if he was to talk on business methods he was going to give the rest of the fellows something to think about. He was satisfied that business methods in his city could be improved if he could find some point to drive home, even though it might hurt some of the fellows just a little.

He got up from his chair and started a trip around the combination office and den in which he spent a great deal of his time. He looked out of the window down the main street but there was no inspiration forthcoming from the row of lights which lighted up the two blocks of stores making up the business district of Idolton. He moved on around the room, looking over the case of gleaming surgical instruments and the books which comprised his modest library. Above the bookcase was hung the Code of Ethics which had been presented to him when he joined the Rotary club three years before. In glancing at this he was struck by the first item "To consider my vocation worthy —." There, surely, was the foundation for anything he might say about Vocational Service. He turned it over in his mind as he went on around the room but it was not until he picked up the weekly "Chronicle" and sat down again to look through it, that an idea of what he really wanted to say came to him.

The next few days were busy ones but Dr. Manton found time to visit almost every business house in Idolton.

In some he made small purchases but in a great many he asked to see this, that, or the other item of merchandise and after looking it over decided not to buy.

When Thursday noon came he was ready with a large pasteboard box on the chair behind him—the one which he occupied as the speaker for that day.

After the usual luncheon, the songs, and a few announcements the meeting was turned over to the Vocational Service Committee and Doc rose with the usual twinkle in his eye and the same expression he used when he wanted to impress a patient that while there was nothing really serious the matter, at the same time it would be well to follow the Doctor's orders if trouble were to be avoided.

"President Charley and Fellow-Rotarians," he began, "I am glad that there are none but Rotarians here today, because, while I believe that you will all understand what I have to say, a guest who did not know Rotary might get a very wrong opinion of it from my remarks. I have served most of you in my professional capacity and you know that it is my way to be frank as to my opinions and suggestions."

"Last week the Vocational Service Committee requested me to look into the physical condition of the business and professional houses of this city and report, today, to all of you as to my findings."

"Most of you have seen me in the last few days but I do not believe that many of you realized that I was feeling the pulse and taking the temperature of your businesses. I am very sorry to say that I found what I would consider a rather serious ailment. I am not going to give it a name just yet but I want to show you some of the symptoms."

"NOW, here" he continued taking a package from the box, "I have a package which I purchased yesterday. Do you know what it is? No doubt you all recognize it as a pound of coffee. Now, I am going to ask Jack to tell me where he would go if he wanted to buy a pound of coffee."

"Grocery store," growled Jack, wondering if he were being made fun of
(Continued on page 47)

The Jury System on Trial

Is the man who "Knows nothing" fit to sit in judgment?



Judge
Cornelius
Doremus

IT is important that all Rotarians should know something of the workings of institutions in other countries than their own. Here is an article by a New York judge which criticises the jury system as it operates in the big cities of the United States. He makes comparisons favorable to the system in Great Britain. The Rotary Club of New York has offered cooperation in securing the right type of jurymen. Could its example not be followed elsewhere?

By JUDGE CORNELIUS DOREMUS

MUCH interest was recently aroused by an article in the New York "Times" referring to a letter to Frederick J. O'Byrne, commissioner of jurors of New York County, by Charles L. Robinson, chairman of the Better Citizenship Committee of the New York Rotary Club. Mr. Robinson says, among other things: "The New York Rotary Club, learning of the difficulty which we find in securing men of affairs to serve on juries, offers you its membership and its full cooperation in aiding to secure the right type of jurymen for the courts." The Merchants' Association has made an analysis of the occupations pursued by jurors in New York City with the following results: "that clerks and salesmen constituted more than 28 per cent of the total number of jurors, while business men, manufacturers, and bankers each comprised a little more than 1 per cent of the total." As Rotarians you are interested in this great problem of jury service, its responsibilities, discomforts, sacrifices and value to the body politic.

Trial by jury is said to be "The Bulwark of Civilization." It is one of the most ancient of our rights and liberties. The origin of the jury system was to protect against the tyranny of despotic rulers and their appointed agents.

Methods of trial in vogue with the English from whom descended the American system, were as follows:

1. Ordeal, which was of two sorts: by fire and by water. The former con-

sisted of walking barefoot and blindfolded over nine red-hot ploughshares. If you were not hurt you were innocent. The water trial consisted of plunging the arm to the elbow in boiling water and withdrawing it unhurt, or by casting the culprit in a pond of cold water. If he floated he was guilty; if he sunk he was innocent.

2. Morsel of execration. This consisted of a piece of cheese or bread of an ounce in weight, which the culprit must swallow. If he choked he was guilty; if not, he was innocent.

3. Trial by "battel," which was a single combat between the accuser and accused or by their champions. Sir Walter Scott describes this trial in his novel, "Fair Maid of Perth." This mode of trial was also used in civil cases and was brought to England by William the Conqueror. The last trial of this kind was in the Court of Common Pleas in 1571.

4. Trial by the peers of Great Britain when a peer was capitally indicted.

5. Trial by jury. The most important of all modes of trial ever instituted was and is the trial by jury. The word is from the Latin "jurata," sworn, a body of men sworn to decide from the evidence. Why the number twelve was chosen is, according to Sir Edward Coke, shrouded in mystery. It is a patriarchal as well as an apostolical number.

The requirement that the verdict of the jury should be unanimous is peculiar to England and to the United

States. A majority could render a binding decision in Greece, Rome, and the Teutonic and Scandinavian nations. In Scotland a verdict by nine, after three hours of deliberation, is binding.

Trial by jury was originally also called trial *per pais* or by the country. We may find traces of juries in the laws of all those nations which adopted the feudal system, as in Germany, France, and Italy, which had tribunals composed of twelve good men and true. In England, we find mention of it in King Ethelred's reign. We find the institution thoroughly established and flourishing and many records of it as far back as A. D. 819.

In the great English Charter of the liberty of the people of England, known as Magna Charta, and given in 1215 at Runnymede, the trial by jury was insisted upon as the principal bulwark of the liberties of the people. Chapter 29 expressly provided that no freeman shall be hurt in either his person or his property without a trial by a jury of his peers.

THE pressure of business, means of rapid locomotion and greater education have caused a general feeling that the ancient jury system might well be modified. Many able American lawyers are now propounding a theory that the jury is an unreliable arm of the court. The theory is rapidly growing that most of the trials between litigants should be before judges, without juries. This has much to commend it. The

potent factor is in the shortening of the time required in the selection of jurors, the argument of debatable questions of evidence (excluding juries while it is being done), the shortening of examination and cross-examination and the omission of the charge of the judge. One disadvantage of this method is that a judge is frequently apt to be all too technical—not intentionally so, but because of his professional training.

In my practice of many years at the New York bar, I have found a tendency always present to fill the jury box with men and women who in the parlance of the day, "know nothing." This means that they do not know the counsel in the case, the litigating parties or any facts which are the subject of newspaper comment relating to the cause on trial. In these days of newspapers, interlocking business relations and general intelligence, this is very archaic. In our state we do not stress those points. It would be amusing in New York and other great cities, if it were not almost a tragedy, to note that after hours spent in the examination of jurors, the box is filled with jurors who might be said, as in the earlier days of this Republic of a political party, these jurors are of the "know nothing party." To expect the best considered verdict from jurors of this type is not within the probabilities.

Many jurors in the crowded cities, as well as in the country, are so opposed to the loss of time caused by jury service that they evade it wherever possible. I am glad to say, however, that is not universal. Many citizens of the highest type and the busiest are willing to perform this service for the good of the State, which also means for their own good.

IN criminal cases there is more hardship and difficulty in connection with the jury system than in civil cases. The question of belief in capital punishment is always prominent. Many jurors are opposed to it. The question of reasonable doubt is also ever present and jurors have much difficulty in applying the rules of evidence and discriminating properly when in the jury room.

In three recent cases of national importance which took pages of space in the daily press while the trials were on, we were confronted with the difficulties surrounding the obtaining of a unanimous verdict. I refer to the Harry M. Daugherty, the Sinclair, and Charles A. Stoneham trials. These were government prosecutions.

In a widespread criticism of the jury system which followed, are these verdicts justified? Are the juries primarily to blame for these apparent miscarriages of justice?

In only one of the three cases was there a disagreement, and in that case—the prosecution of Harry M. Daugherty, former attorney-general of the United States; a second trial also terminated in a disagreement, with the result that the government voluntarily dropped the indictment. In the other two cases twelve men fully conscious of their responsibility, returned unanimous verdicts of "not guilty."

In conspiracy it is necessary to prove three outstanding facts before a conviction can be had, namely:

- (1) Confederation.
- (2) Overt Act.
- (3) Accomplishment.

None of these alone if proved are sufficient but all three must be proved beyond a reasonable doubt. Because of the fact that evidence is difficult to get, first, of confederation (that usually being an ultra-secret proposition), and second, by the Overt Act, which may be and frequently is entirely innocent upon its face and only criminal when taking it with the other two in actual results, it shows how difficult it is to prosecute to a successful conclusion in the eyes of the jury such a case.

The country was startled by the verdicts in the cases mentioned above. Most people expected quite a different and opposite result but a careful analysis produced by the government showed the juries, in every case, were so submerged in perplexities and complications that the wonder is they found a verdict at all. They acted from conscientious motives.

The cure lies in "putting teeth" into the law, in amending and strengthening it so that it may cope with the subtle type of fraud which is the cancer of modern finance, which is immensely profitable when successful, and which invites the participation of the sharpest and shrewdest of designing minds, frequently masking—under cloaks of eminent respectability—the type of fraud in which the schemer's tracks are carefully covered as he goes along, so that only the results of the operation stand forth, and it is almost incredibly difficult to establish the earlier steps in the scheme.

jurors taken from the ordinary walks of life and plunged into a mass of complicated evidence, especially when it is of a technical nature, are much bewildered and their lot is not a happy one. Such cases might readily be tried, many contend, before judges who are trained to discriminate, examine, and analyze, that being their only occupation. They can apply the rules of evidence and the rules of law as they go along in the trial of the case.

Often a panel appears upon which are a number of men who are hopelessly involved in their own business affairs. These men could not possibly serve and detach their minds from their own business to consider frankly and candidly the facts in the business of other people, as they might appear in the evidence. Again, often men appear who are deaf and have been for a decade or more. Men sometimes appear who are known to have serious sickness in the family, of a chronic or malignant nature. Men appear whose physical condition or whose eyesight utterly disqualifies them for service. Then too, some men are drawn who, unfortunately, have their own peculiar mental weaknesses, and, again, some men are known to be self-willed, obstinate, and set in their ways.

OF first importance is the obtaining of panels of intelligent men; men who can leave their business without undue anxiety as to consequences and men who are upstanding in their integrity.

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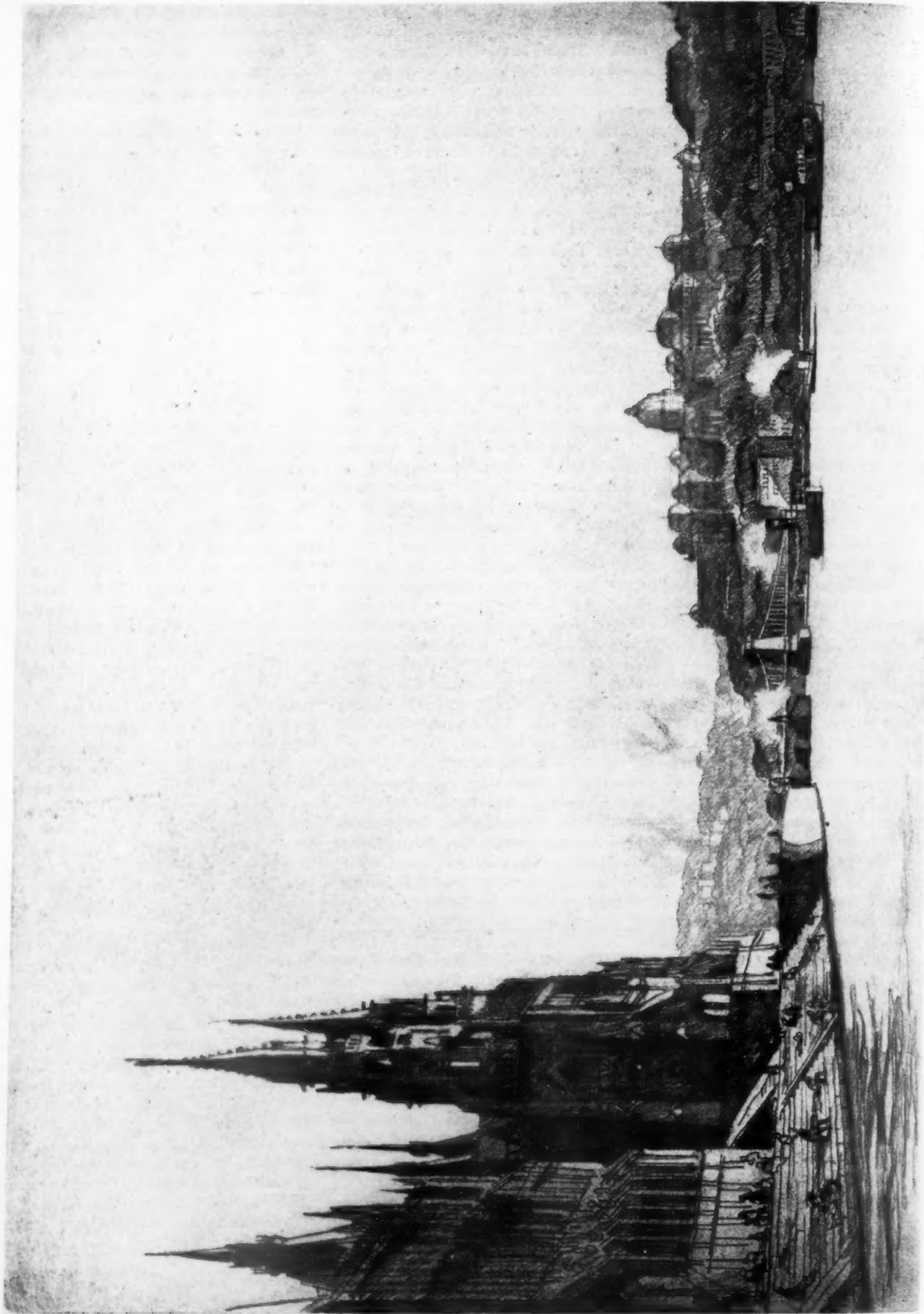
In the State of New York, the judges have issued a book of information, which is placed in the hands of every juror called for service in the State, which has for its purpose, to advise prospective jurors of the duties of a juror and what is expected of him. An account of it was published in the American Bar Association Journal in 1925. Some of the questions and answers give the jurors information with reference to the parties to the suit, plaintiff and defendant, the prosecuting attorney and other matters relating to the organization of the Court. Then such questions as these were asked and answered:

"Upon what does the jury base its decision on the facts?" "May the jury draw inferences of fact," "How should personal interests of witnesses affect the jury in weighing the evidence?"

(Continued on page 45)

"THE action of the New York Rotary Club in offering to have its members voluntarily seek service as jurors is most commendable. Usually members of all these service clubs, such as Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions, and others of a like character, are men successful in business lines and having a background of experience which is of extreme value. Most of them are owners of their own business or profession who can take the time to serve without too much detriment.

"If the offer of the New York Rotary Club can be broadcasted to the point where it is one of the objects of clubs of this character, including men's clubs of the various churches and other groups of men, also members of women's clubs, so that it becomes a well-recognized principle and duty, it will aid greatly in a greater perfection of our jury system."



BUDAPEST: VIEW FROM THE DANUBE—An etching by Stephen Zador

Among European Rotarians

Random Rotary impressions of a Connecticut Yankee

By HUBERT SEDGWICK

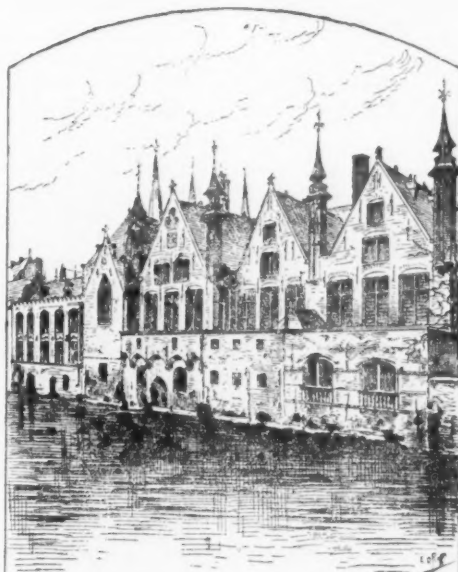
NOT many members of Rotary—just plain members, not officials—returned from their summer vacation with a record for their secretaries of six clubs visited in three other countries. If, incidentally, a 100 per cent attendance has been maintained during such a hop-step-and-jump summer in Europe, the boastful impulse is aroused to tell the world—the Rotary world—about it.

Rotary America and Rotary Australia and Rotary Asia are interested in knowing what Rotary Europe is doing. Especially the old clubs of the New World want to hear from the new clubs of the Old World.

That was the outstanding reason why I, a Connecticut Yankee, invaded King Rotary's European court as an incident to a summer trip in July and August in England, Holland, and Belgium—a trip which had other distinct objectives, by the way.

A rush of delightful personal memories throng my brain as I recall those six meetings. All have left an impress of the progress and condition of Rotary in Europe, aside from the glow of personal pride which I feel, upon my return, more than ever in membership in an organization which I have proved the past summer is weaving the threads of civilization more firmly, is laying the foundations of international goodwill more strongly than ever before, and is establishing the intercourse of world's friendship in open and freely running channels of felicitous fraternity.

The work that Rotary clubs everywhere are doing bounds their activity and stamps their character. Of the six clubs and six meetings which I attended, only one, however, displayed an objective distinct and clear in its scope and purpose. This was in Birmingham, England, where Sydney Pascall, outstanding English Rotarian, prominent internationally in the organization, and world figure in the effort to establish a better code of business practices, gave a scholarly address on the recent League of Nations



"The flourishing Netherlands of centuries ago."

hearing on the movement. Rotarian Pascall sketched the causes which, sponsored by Rotary International, have won the support afforded by sister world organizations like the chambers of commerce. He summarized the situation to date and fortified it with sweeping optimistic statistics. When, in concluding his talk, Sydney turned to me in the club, one of the largest and most intellectual in Europe, and referred to the pleasure of presenting his report to a member of the club of Donald Adams and Edgar Heermance, I felt that New Haven had attained, Rotarily, international fame and that attending the Birmingham meeting was worth a large part of my European trip.

Such a meeting as I attended at the Bruges, Belgium, club will always live in my memory, as much, perhaps, for the personality of the club members as for the business scope of the session. It was like a Rembrandt painted scene

of the Burgheers' Council of the flourishing Netherlands of centuries ago; not, of course, in costume, but in the serious-minded thought, in the devotion to the principles of International Rotary and in the kindly consideration of the basic principles of human fraternity. While the

formal weekly talk was "The Minneapolis Convention" given, incidentally, by Bouchery, chemist to the Crown, the Ostend club's former president, and organizer of Rotary in Belgium, and a distinguished Belgian editor, there ran throughout the meeting the salient thought of aiming to promote international good fellowship.

The project of a union meeting between English and Belgian clubs was discussed in which the Belgian delegates would cross the Channel, if the English club delegates would agree to come down to the English coast for the meeting.

A distinguished membership has the Bruges club, a fitting group for a city of centuries of storied culture and religious eminence. How seriously it takes its Rotary is seen from a single fact. It reserves for its weekly meeting nearly three hours of every Saturday afternoon, when, after the burden of the week's work is done, the Rotary session can be held uninterrupted by the need to cut it short and escape early from the meeting. It takes the place of Saturday afternoon golf and automobiling.

Such a club was surely conceived in the spirit of true Rotary. Surely, it has genuine community leaders to guide it, with whom to sit in fellowship was a privilege only too rare for Americans to enjoy.

TO sit as one with the great Liverpool club, some three hundred strong, filling the spacious banquet hall of the handsome Exchange Hotel, to hear the Glasgow club president occupy the entire meeting with an address on "What Rotary Has Accomplished in Fifteen Years" was to have brought home to a Yankee Rotarian the firm conviction that longer years of Rotary had given United States clubs no sweeter idealism, no more profound grip of its basic ideas than have the clubs of the British Isles and the Continent. The Liverpool club is a gem in British Rotary.

No comparison that I can make of the London club is just which does not rank it with our metropolitan New York club. Its commanding position in English Rotary gives it outstanding speakers and scope of work, added to enormous responsibilities. It lives up



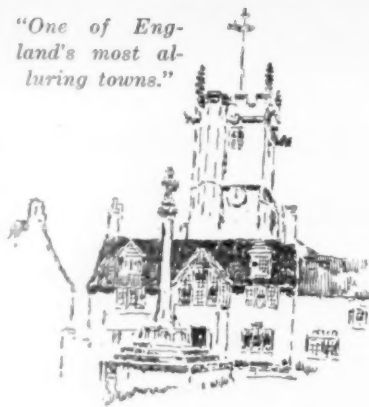
to the demands of both of these. It adorns British Rotary. Its membership roster includes names of Londoners held in highest esteem in the business and professional life of the great metropolis. At its speakers' table sit week after week, a brilliant galaxy of guests representing, I am told, as on the day I sat at the club meeting, Japan, Italy, Mexico, and Sweden. It was something of a tribute to the cosmopolitan nations of the group who met the day I was present, that the club welcomed Professor William Lyon Phelps of Yale University, who, just three weeks before, had been the first person to propose the health of the London club in carrying out the vote of New Haven to drink a weekly toast to its sister London organization in fraternal good fellowship.

In variety of business, in aggressive, militant execution of Rotarian endeavor, in effective entertainment of the most varied guest list in the world, the London club is showing leadership of the most brilliant international type.

PROBLEMS of a different nature face the Amsterdam club. Younger in organization, its scope has not yet been as definitely outlined. Its hospitality stands supreme in its openness and genuine warmth. The club was wrestling with situations of hospitality created by the Olympic games' guests when I called and it was devoting itself to meeting them with noble self-sacrifice. The language complication disclosed itself acutely in the Bruges meeting, but it was met in a masterly, graceful, and effective manner. Suppose that the duties of the president of a United States club included his welcoming guests in their own tongue and that from three to half a dozen languages were represented at every meeting. What would he do about it? Not much, I imagine. It would be a difficult task, not easily met.

It was a rare treat for me to witness and enjoy the efforts of the versatile Rotary president at Amsterdam to introduce guests in their own languages, receive their responses and translate them to his own club members. The Amsterdam meeting was largely a goodwill session based upon a formal welcome back to the club of members who had been ill,

"One of England's most alluring towns."



health campaign with the Austrian Rotary program. The English speaker, who is giving his life to boys work, told of its vogue in British Rotary, while I tried to say a word of the latest plank in the platform of Rotary International, international good fellowship and good understanding, as inspiring me to clasp hands with my brothers across the sea nearly 4,000 miles from home. It was easy for me to understand the clean-cut German of the Austrian in his native message, yet the spectacle of two speakers talking in Dutch, one in English and one in German, gave the meeting a truly international aspect. A feature of the trip was hearing three reports of the Minneapolis convention, one in English and two in Dutch. A delightful meeting was with the Kensington, London, club in the Hyde Park district of Greater London. It allowed me to meet a group of forty earnest Rotarians, carefully selected in membership, and devoted to high ideals. The formal address of the meeting was on "Australia" and was by a member of the neighboring Hammersmith club, who had recently returned from an extensive tour to that country. It brimmed with glowing interest.

My other club visit was paid to the Exeter, England, club. There, under the arches of one of the most beautiful of the world's cathedrals, in the quaintest and most luxuriously furnished of modern English inns, looking out upon

and a welcome to visiting Rotarians. Talks were given by two who had been ill and by three visitors; a former president of the Rotary Club of Vienna, Austria; a president of an English club, and myself. The Austrian speaker, a national figure in public-health work, told of success in linking the modern

architecture which combines medieval beauty with delightfully harmonious up-to-date adaptation, I sat with a fraternal group, who spoke the same tongue which I speak and who feel the same Anglo-Saxon ideals, centuries old. The talk was by the president of the neighboring city club of Bristol, and was a delicious literary essay on "My Lady Nicotine." The speaker might have been a student dreamer, a cloistered idealist, but the fact that he himself is a practical, hard-headed business man who does not smoke, as he told me afterwards, made the setting as contradictorily English as can be imagined. The Exeter group of Rotary is a product of evolution. It sprang from the inspiring architecture of charming city and cathedral, from the sweet landscape gardening of one of England's most alluring towns and countrysides and it reflects their spirit and their ideals faultlessly. Yes, I should like to live in Exeter.

ONE or two background features of European Rotary clubs deserve a word. There are two attractive accompaniments of spiritual consolation in nearly all. The first is that of opening the club with grace. This was done in four of the six clubs which I attended. In this connection, it can be noted that three of the presidents of the four English clubs were clergymen, two of them of the Church of England, one a Unitarian. All of the six clubs have carefully included the clergymen classification in their constant membership.

The other spiritual feature included the unanimous practice of serving a light wine, cider or ale, as an accompaniment to the meeting. In two cases the club met for this as a ten-minute preliminary rite. In this connection should be cited the custom, universal in England, of toasting the king. This was done by the president, at the beginning of every meeting, and the individual members, with sincere, reverent loyalty murmured with quiet and unaffected warmth, echoing the toast, "The King, God bless him"; "And the President of the United States," gracefully added my right-hand neighbor, H. Singleton of the Birmingham club, as our glasses clinked when the toast was proposed at his city club. One meets with so many such courtesies, and such thoughtfulness always touches the heart of the traveller.

The new Rotary clubs of the Old World are worthy companions of the older clubs of the New World, who can in fact learn much from many of them.



"In Western England"

Then Came the Enemy

Message to the Pacific Rotary Conference at Tokyo

By PAUL P. HARRIS

President Emeritus of Rotary International

TO my friends in attendance at the Pacific Rotary Conference in Tokyo, greetings and best wishes.

In times of peace, prepare for war.

At a time when civilization had attained dizzy heights, when granaries were full, spindles working overtime, trees of the forests fully grown, churches overflowing, universities and colleges pouring their graduates into life:

THEN CAME THE ENEMY

The enemy is patient and farseeing; he bides his time. There's a time to wait and a time to strike. The time to strike has frequently been called the "zero hour," sometimes the "psychological moment."

He came, not noisily, boisterously, because to have done so would have been to defeat his cause. The enemy was clothed in the wisdom of years, possessed of the cunning of the fox. He was no mean enemy.

He crept stealthily into the homes of men of all walks of life, the homes of poets, ministers, law makers, historians and philosophers and also into the homes of peasants, seamen, bricklayers and draymen; he even managed to elude the guards and to slip through the doors of penitentiaries and alms houses. The enemy was in fact almost omnipresent; almost omnipotent; the only place he dared not go was into the graves of dead men.

The wisdom of waiting for the psychological hour is manifest when one remembers it takes time to fill granaries, erect factories, grow trees, build churches, colleges and universities. When the psychological hour arrives, the product of all of these institutions will be needed, sorely needed.

Intolerance may be vice or virtue, dependent upon what it is directed against. Intolerance of intolerance is a virtue. War may be either vice or virtue; the most virtuous war is the war against war.

Then came the enemy.

But even then, his presence was unknown. Neither storms nor plagues can be seen; one

sees their effects only. Four devastating years were the result of the depredations of the armies, four never to be forgotten years from which there can be no recovery. Untold millions of lives have been the penalty; young Pasteurs, Edisons, Mozarts and Tennysons slumber today among the millions in the crimson poppy fields.

Science wages incessant warfare against the deadly germs which prey upon humanity. Science must wage incessant warfare against the enemy. But who is the enemy? What is this vigilant, relentless all-pervading force that paralyzes the better instincts of men; that plunges nations into strife, destroys homes, creates hell on earth? Though unseen, it is not unknown. Psychologists have termed it "Fear."

Fear begins its work with childhood; it creates fantastic bugaboos; it fills the darkness with hob-goblins, and in adult life it fills the unknown world with enemies; but fear is ignoble, it must therefore conceal its identity.

Fear puts on the mask of "Courage." He who shrieks his fears loudest becomes a national hero, a patriot. He sends other men of less-conspicuous vocal attainment to war. He remains to keep the home fires burning.

The best antidote for international fear is international understanding; the best way to cultivate international understanding is through business and social intercourse. All nations are respectable and covet the goodwill of mankind. Racial superiority most frequently exists in the minds of men. The backward nations of today become the forward nations tomorrow, and the world realizes rich dividends from the change. National progress spells international progress; we must encourage, not discourage, the initiative of men. As a means thereto, let us make common cause of the extermination of the most deadly of all enemies, vigilant, conscienceless, remorseless, relentless—Fear.

Friends of the Pacific Rotary Conference, God speed and bless your efforts.

And So to Luncheon

The result of a chance meeting of Rotarians

By DWIGHT MARVIN

Illustrations by A. H. Winkler

IT was a torrid morning in June. Travel in such weather is never intriguing; but it had been particularly debilitating that day. No chairs were left in the Pullman so I was sitting in a crowded day coach, trying to forget squalling babies, noisy children and intolerable adults.

My change of temper began with a cursory glance at my seat-mate. Even now I cannot remember his features or his name, but my eye caught sight of a Rotary button in his lapel;

so I opened conversation with him. In a few minutes the irritating surroundings had been shaken off like an uncomfortable garment and we were launched on an enthusiastic discussion of Rotary principles and customs.

"I'm a hundred percenter," he confided to me. "Haven't missed for three years. Always make up somewhere."

"I don't see how you do it," I said. "Today's the last day I could make up Tuesday's meeting at home. I've been on the road for a fortnight and will be on this train until evening."

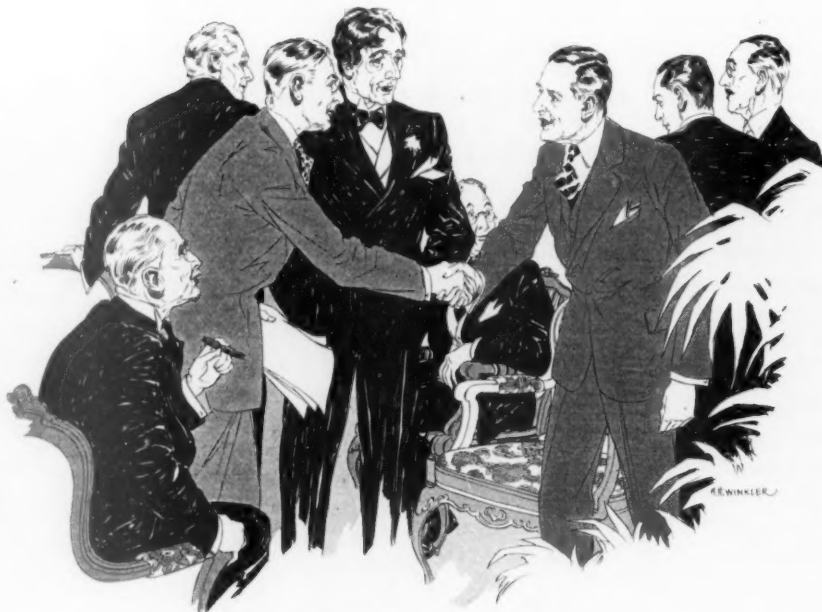
"Have you a club directory with you?" he asked.

Of course I hadn't and he fished eagerly through his luggage till he brought one out of a pile of papers. Then he extracted a time-table and re-lapsed into a brown study.

Now I must confess to a failing. Four years ago, through a severe attack of typhoid fever, I lost the hearing in one of my ears. This was the ear towards my companion so I didn't get everything he said. The drift, yes; but the particulars, no. But I soon discovered he was developing some scheme under which I could still make up attendance.

He was telling me the plan.

"You get there just in time. The hotel is two blocks from the station, on



"You're a Rotary visitor?" he queried.
"And a perfect stranger in town," I replied.

the public square. You can't miss it. And the express comes in at two o'clock sharp. The thing's made to order. It's really a unique club; you should visit it."

"But I've a through ticket," I protested.

"It's all right. They'll let you stop over."

The conductor was passing and my friend hailed him. I didn't quite catch the conversation but in a moment the official had endorsed the ticket with some hieroglyphics, thus permitting me to wait over a train.

I MADE testy objection to the method by which these plotters were doing my thinking for me.

"It's perfectly all right," urged the Rotarian. "You're sure to be at the station on time. It'll break your journey. And, oh boy, what a fine luncheon they serve!"

"But where is this club?" I asked, in the daze of partial deafness.

"The next stop, I'm telling you. Off you get. Up the street two blocks. There you are. Walk in, and if you don't thank me to your dying day I'm tinkling brass and a sounding cymbal."

The train was slowing up. I had no time to contemplate the weird combination of mis-quotation; for I was be-

ing politely man-handled into the aisle, affectionately bid farewell and ushered by the conductor to the platform. Before I could collect my thoughts I was standing in a strange station, with a stop over privilege and my brief-case for company.

It was an easy matter to find the hotel. The attractive hostelry stood opposite a small park dedicated to some local civic hero. I stepped in and found the lobby buzzing with the customary ban-

ter of be-badged groups, greeting each other with hilarious good-nature. I asked one who was eyeing me carefully who the secretary of the club might be. As I suspected, he was the man.

"You're a Rotary visitor?" he queried.

"And a perfect stranger in town," I replied.

"Not a bit of it," he retorted. "Perfect perhaps but stranger never if you're a Rotarian among Rotarians. We don't know the word."

He asked if I had my membership card. Shamefacedly I confessed I had not.

"Never mind," he gurgled. "It's just a trick I work on our visitors to remind them of its value for identification. We're only too glad to take you on your own word. Come and meet some of the boys."

I was introduced to a group. One of them—I remember his name was Joe Halpin—fastened onto me and showed me where to buy my luncheon ticket. It was numbered. My host explained that the number indicated the table where I would sit. "You see," he added, "we never allow but one visitor to a table, except in cases of rare necessity. We feel it's a great privilege to entertain outside Rotarians and we want them to know as many of us as

people. We pity the clubs at the cross-roads whose visiting list is long enough to challenge hospitality."

"How large a club have you?"

"We keep it at about a hundred. That in our case, works out the best for acquaintance, inspiration and work."

A deep-voiced bell sounded from some hidden recess.

"Luncheon?" I hazarded.

"In five minutes, at twelve-fifteen," Joe Halpin answered. "We grew weary of the ragged, awkward opening while the clans were gathering and straggling in; so we have a warning bell."

The sharp click of a gavel recalled me to the events of the moment. Apparently the trek to the luncheon room had been achieved and the meeting was to begin with a full complement of members. I was struck with the response to the gavel's blow. Would that attention were as instantaneous in my home club! It would save many a wasted moment.

At a chord from the piano a hearty stanza from "America" was sung. Much to my surprise, it was the last stanza, not the first. And ever since that day I have liked the innovation.

The flag was then saluted in the customary way. A clergymanic member, in a single sentence, invoked Divine blessing. I had met this fine old custom in Rotary before and again wished it were universal.

And then came the introductory period. This was no perfunctory cross-table greeting. As for me, Joe took me ostentatiously around the circle and introduced me individually to my seven table-companions. He had provided me with a visitor's badge and printed in my name in large letters, "to correct the average man's forgettery," he explained. All this ritual took some moments.

As we sat down some one started a song, evidently a spontaneous ebullition of good spirits. Others took it up and it raised the rafters. Joe explained to me that the club had a notion about singing—that songs started from the floor were sure to be sung well when there was no food before the members and always went badly after the meal was in progress; so it was tacitly agreed that spontaneous singing belonged to the interludes of service.

I was facing the door and remarked to Joe

that there seemed to be few late members that day.

"Or any day," he corrected. "We stress punctuality. We work as hard for it as for attendance; and we enforce the sixty per cent rule. Our meetings are well planned and we feel Rotarians owe it to themselves to arrive early and stay through. Happily our members have come to a pretty unanimous agreement on this point."

Just before the dessert several groups started snatches of song which developed into good-natured rivalry—and eventual vocal chaos. Twice during the meal amusing banter arose from the floor; and again I was amazed at the sudden hush when anyone spoke. Fines were imposed for foolish trivialities—"we distribute this sort of thing," Halpin explained, "so that it becomes a small tax for our charities. It also puts our newer members or the more retiring Rotarians to the front at times and helps comradeship."

As the meal was ending a club quartet rendered a very short song.

"Do you use soloists?" I asked.

"Oh yes," Joe replied. "But never until the luncheon is wholly over. We have one today; but you can't eat and give courteous attention at the same time. At least, we find it so here."

I remarked on the exceptional quality of the meals.

"Yes," he explained. "We consider our meals committee one of primary importance. We pick for it our best men. They go over the menu every

Saturday; and during the week they talk to Tom, Dick and Harry in search of criticism and suggestion. We think you can kill the Rotary spirit quicker with bad food than with bad leadership; so we work as though every member of the club were a strict Epicurean."

Service was extremely rapid. 12.50 o'clock everybody had finished the meal except the few late-comers. So the president announced a solo, well sung by an attractive girl who was received with enthusiasm and who responded with the briefest kind of an encore.

Visitors were then introduced. Rotarians from other clubs were first presented most informally, each with a descriptive personal sentence. For example, I was pointed out as a Trojan—"from the city that makes collars for the whole world. Dwight today makes that impersonal relationship personal." Non-Rotary visitors were similarly welcomed, being named by their hosts. Hearty applause followed the completion of this act in the noonday drama.

By this time it was one o'clock and I remembered my train left at two. I whispered the fact to Joe Halpin.

"Don't think of it again," he said. "We never run over the time. Speakers are allowed twenty minutes, all a busy business man can digest after lunch. And they keep within it. They are carefully cautioned. To make sure, we have a warning light on the table, visible only to the speaker. It beams red at 1.28. That gives one minute more. If he doesn't stop he gets the gavel at 1:30."

What would they do with the next eight minutes, I wondered? Much indeed! There was one song, which everybody sang. There were three sharp, staccato committee reports.

The chairman of the crippled children committee spoke in this wise: "Jimmie Kobulski can now be called on at the Samaritan Hospital. He came through his operation splendidly. You'll all want to drop in on him. Give me a ring and I'll have a car at your store or office on the minute; after your call I'll guarantee to have you back again, or anywhere else, on schedule."

The chairman of the public affairs committee announced that he was proud to list three members of the club who were absent because they were

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I looked hopefully up at him. "What was the name of the town we just came through?" I asked.



The Right Honorable Stanley Melbourne Bruce, C.H., P.C., M.C.

Prime Minister of Australia

THOUGH still in his early forties, Australia's Prime Minister seems likely to establish a record for continuous service in the highest post of the Commonwealth. He was born in Melbourne and received his early education there before entering at Trinity Hall, Cambridge. The English university knew him as an oarsman and he participated in other athletics. Seven years after he was called to the Bar in London, the European war found him in khaki, and he was awarded an English and French decoration before being invalided home. In 1918 he won the election at Flinders and has represented that Australian constituency ever since. He represented the Commonwealth at the League of Nations Assembly in 1921, was Commonwealth Treasurer in 1921-23, and again represented the island continent at the Imperial and Economic Conferences in London in 1923. He has shown his appreciation of Rotary and its work in Australia and elsewhere upon various occasions and he was largely responsible for the decision to hold a Rotary district conference at Canberra, the new capital, on next March 12th.



After a world-wide planning competition, the buildings of Canberra are steadily rising from what was swamp land. Australia's capital is about 130 miles southwest of Sydney, and some 60 miles from the east coast. Work began in 1913 and the parliament buildings were first used in 1927.

Canberra

Will it become the real capital of Australia?

By P. B. PRIOR (Sydney, N. S. W.)



Above — Sir Robert Randolph Garran, K.C.M.G., Solicitor-General to the Commonwealth, the first president of the Canberra Rotary Club. At Left—Sir John H. Butters, K.B., Chief Commissioner of Canberra, is also a member of Canberra Rotary and was able to aid the new club materially through his previous experience as a member of the club at Hobart.

NOT so long ago, M. Pierre Benolt, a French author of some eminence, visited Australia. His impressions have been recorded in articles published in a Parisian journal, summaries of which have appeared in the cablegrams. He cannot understand, and does not sympathize with, the white Australian policy, which he thinks to be prompted by selfishness and prejudice. That view is not uncommon on the Continent. Many European races, especially the Latins, have no feeling whatever on the subject of color, and to them the Australian attitude seems unreasonable. They forget that conditions are entirely dissimilar. Their countries are settled, and possess no empty spaces which might attract the overcrowded East. They are situated at the other side of the world, and are in no danger of an influx of cheap labor, which would lower the general standard of living. Other criticism by M. Benolt spring from misapprehension. Alighting from the train at Canberra, he says, he went in search of the town. And he declares that it is curious that a country which has cities like Sydney and Melbourne, must needs build a third.

M. Benolt is an excellent novelist, but an ill-equipped guide where Australian

constitutional problems are concerned. Had he a better appreciation of the circumstances surrounding the birth of Canberra, he might have been less caustic. It was a matter of extreme difficulty to induce the colonies, as they then were, to agree to federate. They were asked to surrender cherished powers, and, in some instances, established policies. Moreover, the question of the seat of government is always a thorny one in a federation. It agitated the Pan-Arcadian League two thousand years ago. Even in South Africa, which is a union, and therefore more compact, the state of government and the Legislature are different places, the former being Pretoria and the latter Capetown. When the constitution of the Commonwealth was being framed Sydney and Melbourne were running neck and neck for primacy. Their mutual jealousy was fierce, and neither would allow the other

to be the capital. And the experience of the United States pointed to the wisdom of having a capital on neutral territory. That is the reason for the "third city."

It is true that by far the greater part of Canberra exists only on paper. But Rome was not built in a day, and the history of the Australian capital amounts to but a few minutes in comparison. Much had to be done before a beginning could be made. A site had to be chosen, and there were few regions in New South Wales outside a radius of one hundred miles from Sydney that did not regard themselves as ideally suited for the purpose. The

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Rotary Personalities



Reitaro Ichinomiya, exchange banker of Tokyo, will be busy when the Pacific Conference of Rotarians meets this month. Apart from his business he is head of the special conference committee which will look after some 300 overseas visitors.



At Right—Dr. Karl A. Bickel, president of the United Press, was recently presented with a silver card indicating honorary membership in the Rotary Club of Cambridge, Ohio. This international journalist declares that only real leadership and international friendship will avert another world war.



Erwin Funk, of Rogers, Arkansas, for seven years secretary of the Rotary Club of Rogers, is the third Rotarian to become president of the National Editorial Association in the past three years. He publishes a well-known weekly, the Rogers "Democrat."



After five years as president of Oklahoma Agricultural and Mechanical College at Stillwater, Dr. Bradford Knapp has resigned to take a similar post at the Polytechnic Institute of Auburn, Alabama.



Though blind himself, Alfredo Esquerré, of Matanzas, Cuba, holds the classification of optometrist. Before losing his sight he had studied his profession to such purpose that with the help of an assistant he can still practice, and despite his loss is noted for his infectious happiness.



L. D. Crosby, of Picayune, Mississippi, continues his work as head of the Flood Relief and Rehabilitation Corporation formed to aid the sufferers of the disastrous floods which swept the Mississippi Valley last year.

HIGH VOCATIONAL STANDARDS

The Rotary Code of Ethics—Fifth Section

By LOUIS FAVRE

Former Governor of Fifty-fourth District (Switzerland)

"To use my best endeavors to elevate the standards of the vocation in which I am engaged, and so to conduct my affairs that others in my vocation may find it wise, profitable and conducive to happiness to emulate my example."

SHOULD it be necessary to write a long article to demonstrate the truth of what constitutes an indisputable axiom? If there are still skeptics, it should suffice them to cast a glance at history to satisfy themselves that the application of this principle has always borne the best fruit, if not immediately, certainly in the course of time.

The manufacturer and the tradesman of the Middle Ages assigned so much importance to this moral principle that they founded guild corporations within which the most rigorous discipline was practiced. In the eyes of these artisans—whose handiwork was so admirable that we today concede it the highest value—strict discipline was not enough. The young man destined to a certain vocation was obliged to serve an apprenticeship that did not end when he had mastered the technical procedure of his trade; there was inculcated in him principles of ethics to which he was bound to conform his conduct, from the standpoint of both his personal and his professional life.

After having succeeded to the grade of journeyman, after several years of work, it yet remained for him—if he would obtain his mastership—to travel from village to village to make a report on the conduct of manufacture or sale in the different localities in which his trade was followed. Furthermore he must prove by long periods of perfect probity that as a future master he would be capable of conducting himself as a man of inflexible integrity, of impeccable honor, and strict loyalty.

It was not only the isolated workman who must demonstrate this combination of qualities. The manufacturers and tradesmen of an entire village and the corporations of an entire country must be above reproach. Thus certain villages and certain countries acquired such a reputation for honesty that no one hesitated for an instant to trust them.

If, in the opinion of some readers, these examples are not sufficient to prove the value of the principle expressed at the head of this article, it may be in order to invite them to consider for a moment, and explain if possible how an industry in certain villages or certain countries could enjoy a reputation that has not wavered in the course of several centuries. I shall omit setting forth examples, for they will occur to the mind of each of my readers.

Thus appealing to reason, it is also in order to observe that in the domain of business success, all the elements of this problem are conjointly responsible. The prolonged success of any industry or trade proves on the face of it the quality of the product, loyalty in its business transactions, and perfect integrity in every respect.

In our day, an element totally unknown in the Middle Ages plays a rôle of first importance in the success of a business—this is publicity. To make a two-fold demonstration: In one case we find the most moderate publicity serves to maintain the reputation of a product where the merchandise produced lives up to the promises of the advertisement. In the other case, despite a showy advertisement, the article does not come up to the expectations of the public and is soon in disfavor. One can testify, also, that certain products of irreproachable quality, sold by sincere firms of strong integrity, maintain their sale and

even make progress without being aided by publicity. The manufacturer and the tradesman, therefore, have every advantage to gain in bringing to their clients, professional and commercial as well as personal morality.

But, when we speak of professions, we do not allude only to the manufacturer and tradesman, we are thinking of the laborer, the artisan, and the artist.

For these latter, professional ethics are a matter of life and death.

That is to say, the laborer who lacks conscience, ability, or who fails to bring to the exercise of his vocation the zeal, the ardor, the industry that the employer has the right to expect of him, runs the risk of being deprived of work. The artisan and the artist who have neither talent nor zeal for the work cannot manage to please a serious and faithful clientele, who will simply go elsewhere.

The manufacturer, the tradesman, the artist, the artisan, the laborer, have, therefore, everything to gain from showing themselves honest, upright, conscientious, as well as competent, careful, punctual—in a word, serving well.

Such is the proof of the first part of my argument. But, I have still to prove that the honest professional man sets an example that his colleagues will find profitable and wise to emulate. To affirm a contrary opinion, it would be necessary to ignore entirely the rules of competition, and particularly, of modern competition. It is certain that if by his manner of conducting himself a professional wins the favor of the public, his colleagues of the same profession, natural competitors, will not fail to imitate his example. The efforts that they will put forth immediately in this direction will not always be dictated by the single desire to satisfy the laws of morality; often, it will be the necessity of combating a competitor by all the means, that is to say legitimate means, which can be found for waging such a contest.

But when a firm, or when a man following a certain profession, conducts his business in a manner above reproach, he establishes a reputation that he is obliged to sustain, or else see his business endangered. He involuntarily raises the moral level of his profession and puts his competitors, in their turn, to the necessity of arousing themselves in the same fashion. These aspirations toward greater honesty and probity, gaining from place to place, and tending to become general, lift the level of the profession and so create more prosperity to the industry or to the trade affected. Consequently more happiness is secured to those who are concerned.

There is a necessity, therefore, for a primary individual impulse toward competition, then a collective impulse toward the elevation of the moral level of a profession which ameliorates conditions and contributes toward satisfying the principles and the teachings of a rigorous ethics.

Such were the questions which the Rotarians did not fail to satisfy when they sought to apply their motto and the fundamentals of their ethics in the practice of their callings which after all are, when defined, only the statement of the Golden Rule.



This is the fifth of a series of brief articles on the Rotary Code of Ethics. This series of articles reflects the views of individual Rotarians and, as such, are not necessarily sponsored by the Board of Directors of Rotary International.



HAUTE MORALITÉ PROFESSIONNELLE

Le Code d'Ethique du Rotary—Cinquième Section

Par LOUIS FAVRE

Ex-Gouverneur du 54^{me} District (Suisse)

"Je dois m'efforcer d'élever le niveau de la profession que j'exerce et de conduire mes affaires de telle façon que mon prochain trouve que suivre mon exemple est plus avisé, plus profitable et plus propre à procurer le bonheur."

EST-IL nécessaire d'écrire un long article pour démontrer cette vérité qui constitue un axiome indiscutable? — S'il se trouve encore en quelque endroit des sceptiques, il leur suffira de jeter un coup d'oeil sur l'histoire pour se convaincre que l'application de ce principe a toujours porté les meilleurs fruits, si ce n'est immédiatement, c'est, certainement par la suite.

Les industriels et les commerçants du moyen-âge ajoutaient une telle importance à ce principe de morale qu'ils avaient fondé des corporations patronales au sein desquelles on pratiquait la discipline la plus rigoureuse. Et, aux yeux de ces professionnels qui ont créé les oeuvres admirables que de nos jours encore nous estimons à la plus haute valeur, la discipline stricte ne suffisait pas. Le jeune homme qui se destinait à une profession, devait se soumettre à une éducation qui ne se bornait pas à lui enseigner les procédés techniques de son métier, mais à lui inculquer des principes d'éthique auxquels il était tenu de conformer sa conduite, aussi bien au point de vue professionnel, qu'à l'égard de la morale pure.

Après avoir, à la suite de plusieurs années de travail, réussi à acquérir le grade de compagnon, il lui fallait, pour obtenir la maîtrise, non seulement voyager de ville en ville afin de se rendre compte des procédés de fabrication ou de vente, dans les différentes localités qui pratiquaient son métier, mais encore prouver par de longues périodes de parfaite probité que le futur maître était capable de se comporter en homme d'une infaillible droiture, d'une impeccable honorabilité, d'une stricte loyauté.

Et, ce n'étaient pas seulement les patrons pris isolément qui devaient réunir cet ensemble de qualités, c'étaient les industriels et les commerçants de toute une ville et les corporations de tout un pays, de sorte, que certaines villes, certains pays acquéraient une réputation de telle honnêteté qu'on n'hésitait pas un instant à se confier à leurs professionnels.

Si, dans l'opinion de quelques-uns, ces constatations ne suffisent pas à démontrer la valeur du principe émis en tête de cet article, il convient de les inviter à raisonner quelque peu et à leur demander comment ils peuvent expliquer que telle industrie de certaines villes ou de certains pays a pu jouir d'une réputation qui n'a pas fléchi au cours de plusieurs siècles. Je me garderai de citer des exemples, car dans l'esprit de chacun de mes lecteurs ils surgiront immédiatement d'eux-mêmes.

En agissant ainsi par le raisonnement, il convient d'observer que, dans le domaine de la réussite en affaires, tous les éléments de ce problème sont solidaires. Le succès prolongé d'une industrie ou d'un commerce provient tout à la fois de la qualité et de la bienfacture des produits livrés, de la loyauté en affaires, de la parfaite honorabilité à tous égards.

De nos jours, un élément qui était presque totalement inconnu au moyen-âge, joue un rôle d'une importance capitale dans la réussite d'une affaire, c'est la publicité. Or, on peut faire une double constatation, qui est convaincante: Ou bien la publicité même la plus modérée, réussit à maintenir la réputation d'un produit ou d'une marque, et c'est lorsque la marchandise livrée répond en qualité aux affirmations et aux promesses des annonces, ou bien en dépit d'une réclame tapageuse, l'article tant vanté ne répond pas à l'attente du public et il est bientôt

abandonné. On constate d'ailleurs que certains produits d'irréprochable qualité, livrés par des maisons sérieuses d'une rigoureuse probité maintiennent leur vente et même progressent sans que la vente soit soutenue par la publicité. L'industriel et le commerçant ont donc tout avantage à apporter, dans le service de leur clientèle la morale aussi bien professionnelle et commerciale que privée.

Mais, lorsqu'on parle de la profession, on ne songe pas qu'à l'industriel et au commerçant; on pense aussi à l'ouvrier, à l'artisan, à l'artiste.

Pour ces derniers, la morale professionnelle est une question de vie ou de mort.

En effet, l'ouvrier qui manque de conscience, d'habileté ou qui n'apporte pas dans l'exercice de sa profession le zèle, l'ardeur, l'application que le patron est en droit d'exiger de lui, court le risque d'être privé de travail ou renvoyé de l'usine; l'artisan et l'artiste qui n'ont ni talent, ni ardeur au travail n'arrivent pas à contenter une clientèle sérieuse et fidèle qui s'adresse ailleurs.

L'industriel, le commerçant, l'artiste, l'artisan, l'ouvrier ont donc tout avantage à se montrer honnêtes, probes, consciencieux, en même temps qu'habiles, soigneux, ponctuels, en un mot, à bien servir.

Telle est la preuve de la première partie de mon argumentation. Mais, je dois prouver encore qu'en agissant de façon irréprochable, le professionnel donne un exemple que ses collègues trouveront profitable et avisé de suivre. Pour affirmer une opinion différente, il faudrait ignorer totalement les règles de la concurrence, et particulièrement, de la concurrence moderne. Il est certain que si, par sa manière d'agir, un professionnel s'attire la faveur du public, ses collègues de la même profession, concurrents naturels, ne manqueront pas d'imiter son exemple. Les efforts qu'ils tenteront tout d'abord dans ce sens ne seront pas toujours dictés par un désir exclusif de satisfaire les lois de la morale; souvent, ce sera la nécessité de combattre un concurrent par tous les moyens, donc par ses propres moyens, qui suscitera cette lutte d'un genre spécial.

Mais, dès qu'une maison ou un professionnel se met à pratiquer une irréprochable conduite dans ses affaires, il se crée une réputation qu'il est obligé de soutenir par la suite, faute de voir ses affaires périlcliter. Il s'efforce donc d'élever le niveau moral de sa profession et met, à son tour, ses concurrents dans la nécessité d'agir de même façon. Ces aspirations à plus d'honnêteté et de probité gagnant de proche en proche et tendant à devenir générales contribuent à élever le niveau général de la profession et à créer de ce fait plus de prospérité à l'industrie ou au commerce dont il s'agit, et, par conséquent à procurer plus de bonheur à ceux qui l'exercent.

C'est donc autant les nécessités d'une concurrence toujours plus intense qu'un entraînement d'abord individuel, puis collectif vers l'élevation du niveau moral d'une profession qui en améliorent les conditions et contribuent à satisfaire aux principes et aux enseignements d'une rigoureuse éthique.

Telles sont les préoccupations auxquelles les Rotariens ne manquent pas de satisfaire lorsqu'ils cherchent à appliquer dans la pratique de leurs profession leur devise et les bases de leur morale qui ne sont, en définitive, que l'énoncé de la morale pure.



Ceci est le cinquième d'une série de courts articles sur le Code d'Ethique du Rotary. Cette série d'articles reflète les vues de Rotariens, comme hommes privés, et par suite ne correspond pas nécessairement aux vues du Conseil d'Administration du Rotary International.





"Grandfather Hall quit work at fifty, gave up his connection with business, and sat by the fire and read. . . ."

Incorrigible Old Age

Present-day youth has no monopoly of revolt from custom

By THOMAS ARKLE CLARK

Dean of Men, University of Illinois

WE have been giving more than ordinary attention to the problems of youth recently. The magazines and the newspapers are full of articles emphasizing the revolt of youth, their recklessness, and their alleged dissipations. The general consensus of opinion is that youth is breaking the shackles which have in former years restrained it, and is going its own way. "What shall we do," parents and teachers and reformers are asking, "to make our young people respectful, and obedient, and submissive; to sit quietly in the corner as they were once alleged to do; and to say nothing until some older person asks for their opinion?"

I was reading recently from an article written two thousand years ago by a man who was concerned with the same serious question as we today are. Youth was breaking away from its restraint, he asserted, and was going rapidly to the dogs.

Whatever may be the actual situation with regard to the revolt of our young people, I think very likely one may say of it, as Mark Twain said of

the details of his demise which he read one morning in the newspaper, "The report is very much exaggerated."

It is about old people that I am most concerned. They are getting out of hand. Their children can do very little with them these days. They are becoming more and more incorrigible. There was a time, even within my memory, when one knew where to find an old person—that is, a person over fifty. Grandfather Hall quit work at fifty, gave up his connection with business of any sort, and sat by the fire and read until his eyes failed him, and then he just sat by the fire until he was past eighty. Grandmother wore lace caps before she was fifty, and a white surplice across her shoulders. The two went out very little, excepting that on Sunday mornings they climbed into the family surrey and were hauled by old Ben, the family horse for a generation, slowly and discreetly to the village church. There was no cavorting around in those days by grandparents, no breaking away from the restraint which the children, themselves still strong and vigorous, im-

posed upon their enfeebled parents. Nancy and I had very little trouble with our parents. Occasionally, it is true, they broke over the rules which we in our greater wisdom laid down for their comfort and direction, but not often. They were, on the whole, reasonably submissive. We knew best what was good for them and what they ought to do to conserve their strength and to inhibit their indigestions, and to prevent their catching cold or breaking a leg; and we told them so.

NANCY'S mother was a little persistent at times, but she was guarded so carefully that she found scant opportunity to have her own way. There was the case of the sword fern, however, which showed that even a generation ago age had its tendencies to revolt. The "Aged"—I always called her "Aged Parent" after we had read aloud together Dickens' *Great Expectations*—had a wonderful sword fern which flourished luxuriantly in her sitting room, and which was the object of her daily attention. It weighed something

(Continued on page 40)

EDITORIAL

THE ROTARIAN

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With the Small "r"

ONE of the literary reviews, with a worldwide circulation, has a way of spelling the word which forms the title of this magazine with a small instead of a capital "r"; thus: "from the rotarian viewpoint" or "in the rotarian sense."

The word is not used, it seems, in special reference to members of Rotary Clubs, but to what the review-writer conceives to be a particular way of thinking, of which Rotarians are by no means the unique exponents.

That we should be spelt with a small "r" is a subtle compliment which we can best acknowledge by attempting to understand how it comes to be paid us. What exactly is the "rotarian viewpoint" that the outer world has now come to recognize, if it does not always respect?

The review-writer would quite probably reply that it was the viewpoint of a type of business man professing to stand for something higher than mere profit-making, interesting himself in public affairs from the disinterested viewpoint. He might combine with his definition certain allusions to Babbitry, uplift, high-falutin, and megalomania. Anyway, he knew perfectly well what he meant, and so did his readers.

Our reply to those who honor us with the small "r," once we have understood its reason, must be to prove ourselves worthy of it. We are more than merely members of a Rotary club: more even than members of our own worldwide organization. We are exemplars and exponents of a way of thinking and acting in which we firmly believe.

Oh, but is it a new way of thinking and acting? Is it not the ideal of service as old as the hills? Is it not contained in the Golden Rule, and common to all systems of religion and ethics?

No, it is *not* a new way of thinking and acting: it *is* as old as the hills: it *is* contained in the Golden Rule and common to all systems of religion and ethics!

But much that is as old as the hills has tended to be taken for granted for that very reason, and forgotten. If remembered, it is with the reverence that we give to the remote and the sublimely unreal.

The "rotarian" with the small "r," who may belong to the Rotary Club, or to one of the kindred organizations, or to neither, is one who reminds himself that the fundamental of all systems of religions and ethics has direct and daily

application, beginning with himself in his home, expanding to his business, civic and social life, and ending by visible expression in the public life of the whole community.

The classified and localized system of membership serves to keep the "rotarian" conscious of his obligations and in contact with his immediate fellows, and so able to cooperate in practical work. It preserves him from the fate of evaporation in the mist of metaphysics, keeps him a solid, tangible unit of force.

The best way to meet the kind of criticism that is implied by the use of the small "r" is to welcome it with smiles, and use it ourselves whenever we feel that something we, our club, or the movement as a whole has achieved is worthy of general notice. The small "r" is our symbol of transition from the local and personal to the universal and impersonal, in which all good work and all good men must ultimately merge.

A Telephone Code of Ethics?

ON our desk lies for review a book entitled "Selling by Telephone," by J. George Frederick. We are sure it will interest those who sell—and buy—by telephone. What seems to be needed nowadays, however, is a preliminary agreement as to the ethics of telephony. Like most codes of ethics, it needs to be negative in its provisions. For what purposes and in what ways should the telephone *not* be used? Some occur to us at once. It should not be used to snatch a decision where there is need for careful consideration. It should not be used in place of a letter, to reply to, or avoid reply to, a considered argument or claim. It should not be used where a written communication is needed for the files of the other party. It should not be used to rob an executive of valuable time when a note would be taken care of by his staff. A business man should not call up another and keep him waiting while he comes to the instrument. The caller should be at his end ahead of the man called.

Other points for such a code will doubtless occur to our readers.

Apart from these and other points, the telephone system works well enough in most countries, except in those where it is regarded by some as a vulgar intrusion, or where it is hopelessly inefficient. We recall once having occasion to call up the Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain to get him to speak at a Rotary Convention. Perhaps we ought not to have approached him that way, but it was urgent. When we got on, we asked "Is that the Lord Chancellor?" "No," replied a female voice. "This is a fish shop. You're a long way off."

To Standardize Speech

THE "talkie" begins to remind us of the truth of the saying "the more it changes, the more it is the same thing." When the picture-drama came, the world thought it had come to stay as the desirable substitute for the drama of words. We had grown tired of stage dialogue, and re-

COMMENT

...ful of the modern tendency to limit scenery to two chairs and a table in somebody's apartment. We wanted to hear less, to see more, and the screen was accepted even by the highbrows as a legitimate replacer of the stage. Hardly had we settled down to this heresy than the "talkie" took us back to where we were. Once again, we must employ our ears as well as our lazy eyes: once again, we are at the mercy of stage-diction which, when it is good may be very, very good, but when it is bad is certainly horrid.

Another thought. The screen was rapidly becoming a means of breaking down national barriers. Gradually the country of origin was being made less manifest. Scenes were being cosmopolised. With the "talkie," it is different. Try as we may to arrive at a common standard of English pronunciation, we do not succeed. To give talkie-goers the speech they like to hear, local production must supplant universal and so the world-ideal of unity takes a step backward.

If members of the great English-speaking family cannot get used to each other's accents, what hope is there that we shall get used to those of other nations? However, there is always hope. Attempts have recently been made in England to "standardize" the English pronunciation of English—incidentally, to get rid of that abomination the Oxford drawl. If similar attempts were made to standardize the American pronunciation of English, there might be in time an attempt to unify the two standards. Then, wherever we lived, we might go to the "talkie" without fear of ear-shock, and the international ideal would go up again unscathed.

The Best Brains for Business!

ACCORDING to Professor C. W. Valentine of the University of Birmingham, England, American industrial supremacy is due to the fact that the best brains in the United States are attracted to business, and the second and third best to professions. He refers to the "hard, dying social stigma which attaches to being in trade in England."

The latter statement may be due to the detachment from realities in which it is the business, we presume, of a professor to dwell. It does not accord with the experience of Rotary organizers in the British Isles that there is any longer the old social stigma attaching to trade. It is becoming more and more the practice for boys of old families to be sent into business, and to give a miss to the overcrowded professions. Rotary clubs in that country, now numbering some three hundred, and composed of business and professional men, are clear evidence that the class division has broken down.

When, however, we come to talking of the "best brains" going into this or that, we are in the interesting speculation of what are the "best brains"; also, what are the laws of attraction and repulsion in regard to vocational choice. A brain cannot be judged until it has been tested by life. Many brains that at school or college seem to be of abnormal excellence prove, when tested by practice, to be inefficient. The by-ways of the busy centers are strewn with "best brains" that have failed miserably to function in active life.

If business life engages better brains than professional life, it is because business demands the best, and is able to pay for it. If a professional career promises to be a side-track, or a backwater, the man of ability will pass it by. Only those will remain for the professions who are called to them by an enthusiasm, and who would have it otherwise?

Happily, no matter how prosperous a country, there will always be a percentage of its men whose desire to follow a certain pursuit is proof against all temptations of profit. Thus, the professions will never be neglected for the trades, by those who are the most fitted to follow them.

But is there not the tendency to obliterate the old-time distinction between trade and profession? Anything to which a man turns his hand in the spirit of service—as nowadays men turn their hands to business—is a profession; conversely, anything to which a man turns his hand in the spirit of profit—as some men turn their hands to professions—is a trade.

"FEW, dear Cleinias, are the men—they need rare natural gifts and the best of education

—who can show moderation when assailed by wants and desires; few who are sober when they have a chance of making large sums of money, and who are content with moderate profits. The mass of mankind are the exact opposite; their desires are unbounded, their appetite for gain unlimited. This explains the attacks on such occupations as retail business, commerce, and hotel-keeping, and the disrepute under which they lie. I am going to make a ridiculous suggestion; it will never be acted on and I hope it will not. But suppose that we were to compel the best men everywhere to become retailers or to manage hotels or to carry on some similar business: or, if fate and necessity compelled the best women

Plato-Rotarian

to follow similar callings, then we should realize how agreeable and attractive these occupations were, and

if they were managed on uncorrupt principles, they would be honored as we honor a mother and a nurse. As it is, men go to lonely spots and build houses of entertainment, and receive necessitous guests in welcome rest-houses, and give them peace and calm when storm-tossed, and cool shade in hot weather: and then, instead of treating them as friends, and doing the duties of hospitality, they treat them like enemies or captives at their mercy, and do not release them till they have paid unjust, abominable extortionate ransoms. It is these bad practices which have discredited an occupation that in fact is the relief of human necessity." —From THE LAWS, 918.

How Well Do You Know Your World?

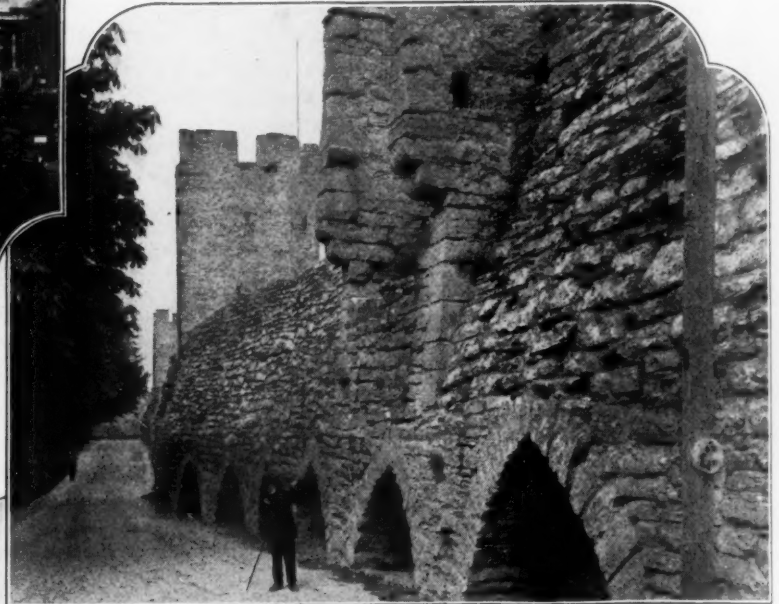
THIS is the second of a series of pictures of celebrated world landmarks. Test your knowledge of world events by seeing how many scenes you can name. The ability to appreciate a country's historical and cultural background is very closely related to the living of Rotary's Sixth Object.

Arranged by Arthur Melville

(The answers will be found on page 53)



1. This landmark hardly needs a caption, but the monument commemorates a great naval victory, and the dome at the left is that of a cathedral designed by Sir Christopher Wren and finished in 1710.

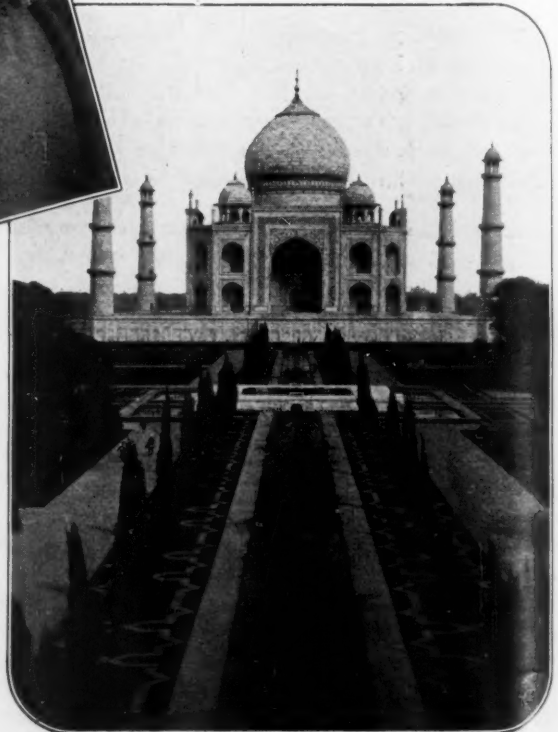


2. These massive walls probably date from the eleventh century and surround an island town once a Viking stronghold, and a great trading center. Does it help to say that there are nearly forty towers in good preservation?



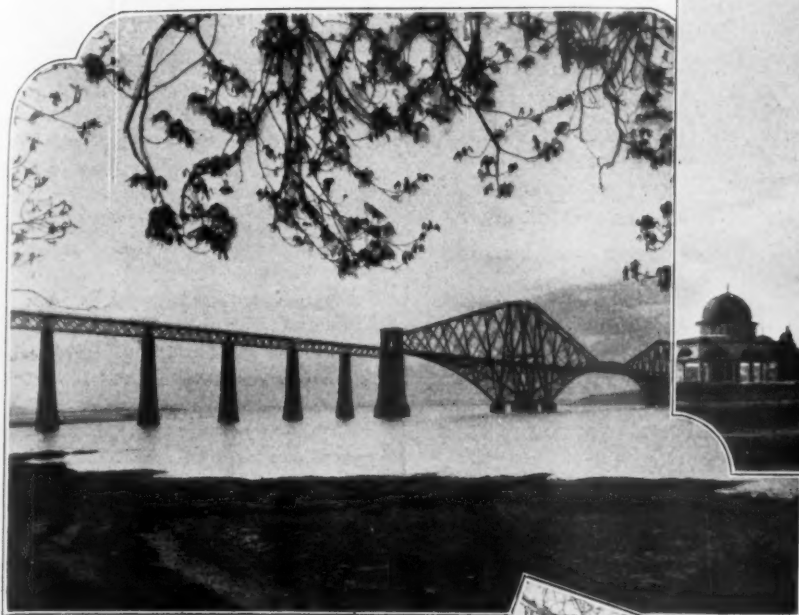
3. This bridge spans one of the most important rivers in Europe, one which has the further distinction of being well-known to all interested in music and the dance. Perhaps a popular waltz tune will aid your memory?

4. Another picture that needs little descriptive matter is this of what is, perhaps, the finest tomb that a sorrowing husband ever built to preserve the memory of his wife. When moonlight spills across the white stone this is an Arabian Nights setting never to be forgotten.



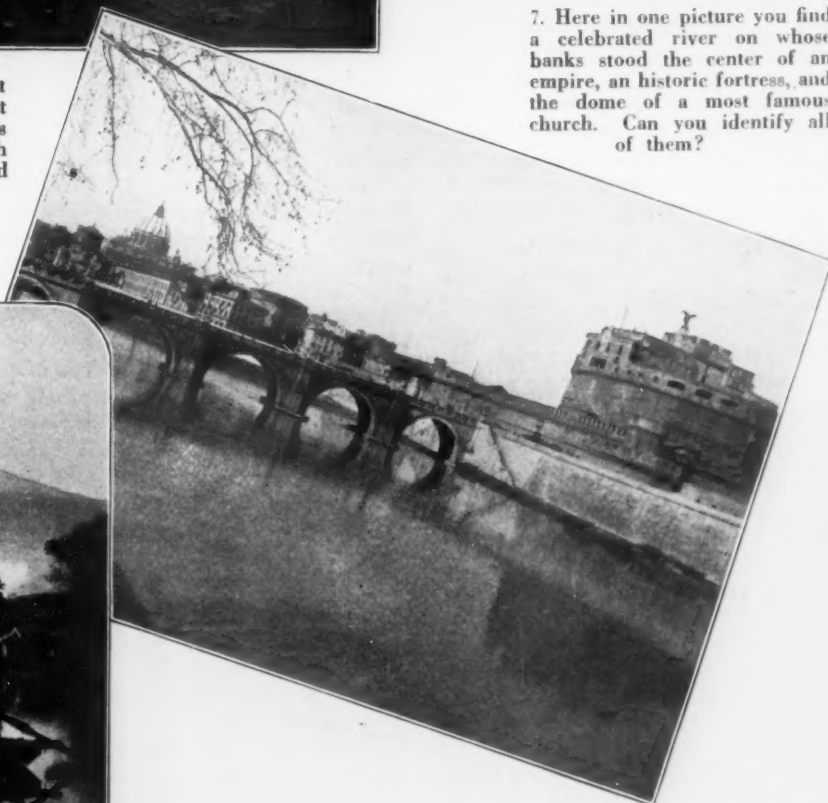
*All photographs
by Publishers'
Photo Service*

5. Here is a shrine of one faith standing on a spot made famous by a story of supreme sacrifice found in the book of another faith. But beauty tends to outrun the boundaries of creeds—and so this mosque draws aesthetes from all groups.



6. This is one of the finest and largest bridges in the world. It measures 450 feet from the base to the highest point and is more than a mile long. It spans the mouth of a river, is of the cantilever type, and was completed in 1889.

7. Here in one picture you find a celebrated river on whose banks stood the center of an empire, an historic fortress, and the dome of a most famous church. Can you identify all of them?



8. Still another picture that needs little explanation, since this mountain appears on nearly every piece of Japanese art. More than 15,000 pilgrims in white tunics and mushroom hats come to this sacred mountain each year.

What We Read

Both good and bad books are life in crystalline form

By ALLAN MONKHOUSE

TO inquire which books are stirring up the most interest in Great Britain is not to ask which are the best sellers. Through the ages there is a constant supply of these and the majority of them do not, in any acceptable sense, provoke interest at all. They are the refuge of the indolent, the preoccupied, the readers of mechanical habit or low mentality to whom the library is a principal means of killing time. Their names are conspicuous and commonly associated with striking figures. Doubtless some kind of distinction might be drawn between one generation of them and another or between Miss Marie Corelli and Mr. Edgar Wallace. And probably some of the successful hold the opinion that what we call the best writers are commonly those who have failed as best sellers. In the recently published book of Conrad's letters to Mr. Edward Garnett we hear of Conrad throwing down a book by Guy Boothby in a kind of comical despair: "I can't get the secret of the fellow's manner. It's beyond me how he does it."

Apart from the general public, who are ready to read anything that is exciting or, by their standards, opportune, there are the special sections such as the religious, the sporting, the occult, the scientific, the historical, and archaeological. Sometimes a book from one of these intrudes into the general consciousness but generally the books on such subjects have a limited and steady appeal. The same may be said of a considerable output of memoirs and biographies of a secondary kind. These regularities do not concern us here but, besides the books that prevail by virtue of intrinsic interest there are some which come into prominence because they are the subject of disputation. They are not necessarily the best books but they have qualities and some element of the opportune; they become, if only for a limited period, part of the life of the time and they may have reverberations beyond it. The recently published second volume of the Earl of Ronaldshay's life of Lord Curzon is an example. Apart from the general merits of the biography there is the clash between two famous personalities. It was known that Lord Curzon and Lord Kitchener did not "hit it off" together but here

We cannot hope to understand other races until we know something of their literature, and such articles as this help us to understand the repercussions of international thought. This review gives you an idea of what books are attracting most attention in English-speaking nations, and it is significant that several of these volumes are translations.

is the affair, or at least one side of it, in detail; and that is the kind of thing that the public likes.

Some freshness of interest has been evoked in the art of biography by discussion on the principles and innovations of modern biographers. Mr. André Maurois has recently delivered a very interesting series of lectures at Cambridge on his own guiding principles, and his "Disraeli" has been one of the prominent books of the year. Mr. Philip Guedalla, indeed, though generally classed as one of these modernists has lightly disclaimed any particular quality of modernity. The most prominent name now, among English biographers, is Mr. Lytton Strachey, and though we have not lately had a book from him he is yet a good deal read. The translations from Herr Ludwig, too, have had considerable vogue.

THE continuation of King Edward's Life is received with due respect, and a notable book of the time is Sir George Arthur's translation of "The Memoirs of Raymond Poincaré." It has sometimes been said—as it is said of every great writer—that the reputation of Joseph Conrad is waning. His "Life and Letters" by M. Jean-Aubry had many readers and interest in a fine subject for biography may be sustained by the recent publication of "Letters from Conrad," certainly one of the remarkable books of the year. These letters are written to Mr. Edward Garnett, Conrad's most intimate critic and, during the time of

stress and trial, most ardent supporter. They give us one side of a friendship that should take its place in the history of literature. But perhaps recent books of biography or personal adventure have lacked something of the spice of controversy. We have not again had such a disputation as was aroused by the new edition of the Greville diary and we cannot always have Mr. Winston Churchill on World Crises. We do not every day get a "Revolt in the Desert" to stir us up or even a "Mother India." This latter seems to have evoked almost a literature.

It might be said, indeed, that the new books have yet hardly overtaken the old; casting round for the prominent books of the moment you are as likely as not to evoke a title of last year's publication. "Jew Süß" was published in 1926 but interest in it has not died away and one gets tired of hearing that "The Ugly Duchess" is inferior. A parallel case is that of "The Constant Nymph." It succeeded almost beyond its deserts and so "Red Sky at Morning" came as something of a disappointment. The book after the success is always an anxious matter and we may now look for a successor to "The Bridge of San Luis Rey"; Mr. Thornton Wilder's earlier book, "The Cabala," has been read with avidity and has stood the test well. Mr. Wilder has been a vogue and almost a rage. Perhaps we had been getting a little tired of novels which insisted on the children's revolt from authority, the egoists' revolt from moral law; psychological adventure in terms of the night club grow stale. Such books as Mr. Wilder's and, again, as Miss Cather's "Death Comes for the Archbishop" set the breeze blowing from fresh quarters. For the moment, indeed, Miss Cather and Mr. Wilder are the most prominent figures to us in American literature. Miss Cather's reputation advanced with "A Lost Lady" and subsequent books have enhanced it. "My Mortal Enemy," recently published here, has been hailed by some as a masterpiece; time can hardly prove it to be less. The life of a book may be three or four months or as many centuries and it is not possible for contemporary judgment to distinguish the one class from the other. We may make our guesses but they

Philip
GuedallaThornton
Wilder

*Two of the younger intellectuals representing
England and the United States*

commonly assume some persistence of fashion in the permanent elements of human nature.

Only a year or two ago Mr. William McFee, writing upon current literature, referred to the extraordinary vogue in the United States of Galsworthy, Wells, Bennett, Aldous Huxley, and Shaw, contrasting this with the British tendency to accept mere cowboy literature in return. "The really significant American authors," he said, "however appreciated by Englishmen interested in America, are simply not read in the sense that the significant English authors are read and discussed in America." Even a few years ago this was considerably nearer to the truth than it is today. American authors are far more read here than they were and probably this is due partly to the extension of American publishers to London. More and more the two literatures mingle and assimilate and one would say, generally, that the English author regards the American as comrade rather than as rival. Competition of a sort there must always be but, borrowing something from the spirit of sportsmanship, it is in the sense of Hamlet's "Will this brother's wager frankly play." We know something here of Theodore Dreiser and Sinclair Lewis, of course, but we have gone a little further than that. You may find Oxford undergraduates with an enthusiasm for Carl Sandburg and such names as Frost, Lindsay, and Robinson are not quite unknown. We even know that Eugene O'Neill is not the only American dramatist, and we have winced or bridled under the castigation of Mr. Mencken. We rejoice in the American literature of the day and see in it the seeds of great things to come.

Here, as elsewhere, fiction occupies the prominent place in public estimation. The novel endures, the novelists pass. Two eminent writers of fiction, widely apart in aims and accomplishment, Rudyard Kipling and George Moore, are now withdrawn to the background; Galsworthy, Bennett, and Wells are yet active but it is hardly to be expected that their "centers of gravity" will change greatly, however much admirable work we may yet receive from them. Only the other day, indeed, Mr. Bennett suggested that his day was over, that the prime interest was now in younger men and women. That may be so, but the older generation holds its own very well. And some of these younger writers are not very young. When your mind reverts to English fiction it is not concerned much with youngsters. The novels of 1927 or earlier are apt to predominate over those of 1928. Mr. Brett Young's "Portrait of Clare" has not died away nor Mrs. Virginia Woolf's "The Lighthouse." Mr. James Joyce's "Ulysses" is still spoken of with anything from bated breath to a disparaging intimacy. Among the novels which have not died an early death are Mr. Tomlinson's "Gullion's Reach," Mr. Mottram's "Our Mr. Dormer," Miss Sedgwick's "The Old Countess." The death of Mr. C. E. Montague is a great loss to English letters; his latest novel "Right Off the Map" has been widely read both in England and the States.

DURING the last few months we have not had any considerable sensation in novel production. Mr. Comp-ton MacKenzie, of whom much has been expected, has published "Extremes Meet," which leaves us still wondering when he is to fulfill his promise. We

are still waiting for Mr. E. M. Forster, whose last novel placed him very near the front, but he is not a man to be hurried. Mr. D. H. Lawrence has not published a novel lately, but we have had a book of short stories, many of which are of his finest quality; he has continued, too, his remarkable translation of Giovanni Verga, a Sicilian writer of genius. With Mr. Lawrence might be mentioned Mr. Ernest Hemingway, whose recent volume "Men Without Women," should still further raise the reputation here of the American short story. Judging by their frequency it would appear that anthologies of short stories are becoming popular. The standard has risen during the last decade both here and in America. Most of our best novelists are writers of the short story too. This, nowadays, is but rarely an affair of the drawing-room and perhaps there will presently be some reaction toward the civilized environment. A novel of some audacity is Mr. Liam O'Flaherty's "The Assassin," which deals elaborately, strikingly, perhaps not quite convincingly, with the mentality of the murderer. Among the younger men David Garnett is one of those who provoke the question: What next? Sarah Gertrude Millin has interested many readers with her South African story, "An Artist in the Family." Mr. Walpole has given us a novel and one is expected from Mr. Swinnerton; Mr. J. D. Beresford has fobbed us off with a detective story; Mr. Ford Madox Ford's "Last Post" is the last of a series of four, dealing with the same characters, which have served to advance and strengthen his position. Among the books that provoked controversy was the first publication of a

(Continued on page 52)



The courtyard of No. 54 Nussdorferstrasse where Schubert was born, and the memorial fountain recently unveiled.



Here the Schubert Festival began, at the College of Jesuits where he was a chorister and began to compose.



Where Schubert's body now lies in the Central Cemetery, Vienna. For twenty-seven of his thirty-two years "the greatest songwriter" had studied and real reward was just in sight.

At Right—A view of No. 6 Kottenbrueckengasse, where Schubert died.



Scenes Related to an Unfinished Life



This is the Schubert monument in the Vienna Stadtpark. Here officials and townspeople will meet to pay their centennial tribute in November.

Because Franz Schubert appreciated his birthplace so much; because his brief career—like his unfinished masterpiece—was still sufficient for the incorporation of so much of Vienna's joy and of its sentimental melancholy; these views are particularly interesting in the year of his centennial celebrations.

Schubert All the Year

By G. E. R. GEDYE

IF there be any other city so audacious as to challenge this capital's right to concentrate within her walls the centenary Schubert celebrations, any so carping as to murmur what is perfectly true, that she is utilizing the hundredth anniversary of the death of the musician with whose *Wienertum* only that of Johann Strauss may be compared, to invite the world to get to know her own charms better, they may be answered by Schubert himself. Writing to his brother from Schloss Zelecz on August 24, 1818, he said: "Fortunate though I am, good though my health is, excellent though I find the company here, yet do I look forward with immeasurable delight to the moment when I shall be able to cry—'Nach Wien! Nach Wien! (To Vienna! To Vienna!). Ah, beloved Vienna! Within thy narrow circumference is all that I love, all that I hold most dear. Only when I see thee again (ah! heavenly moment) will this my longing be stilled.'" Since that was what Vienna meant to Schubert, her right to claim him for her own can never be disputed. To one who loved the city so dearly, the thought that his name was being used to make her better known to others could only bring a proud happiness.

Schubert died on November 19, 1828, but Vienna began her celebrations on May 26. On the evening of this day, students of the Vienna Academy of Music and other musical schools assembled in The Universitätsplatz, outside the old University and the College of Jesuits where Schubert studied and wrote his first pieces, and produced his



Vienna's Favorite Schubert Portrait—By Rieder

Octette. The delicate sense of the appropriate that characterises almost all the arrangements of Vienna for the Schubert Centenary was visible in this first celebration, which began at the beginning of Schubert's career and was carried out by youths of the same age as he was himself at the time when he studied here.

THERE is no space for crowds on the little Universitätsplatz. Schubert's days were not those of the gorgeous Baroque, in which Vienna is so rich, but of the dawn of "Biedermeier"—say, of "Honest John Brown," when small houses, simple furniture, and an intimate way of life had succeeded to the glories and pomposity of Empire—partly as a reaction in taste, partly on account of the impoverishment of the world after the Napoleonic wars. The centenary Schubert celebrations in Vienna in November will be character-

ized by this same intimacy to a very large extent, but some of a more spacious character have naturally to be held for the sake of the many who will wish to be present. Such a one was the remarkable performance of the great "C Major Symphonie" on June 3. Herr Joseph Marx had composed a special "Schubert Fanfare" to be sounded by trumpeters from the towers of Vienna's fine neo-Gothic Rathaus as a prelude to the Symphony itself, which was to be performed by the world-famous Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Franz Schalk, of the Opera, in the square in front of the Rathaus.

Perhaps the most delightful and Schubertian part of all the celebra-

tions was the five Chamber Concerts in the little house in the Nussdorferstrasse where Schubert was born. In the courtyard, where the child Schubert played in the intervals of schoolgoing, the audience was seated, while the Gottesmann Quartett, and the singers Rosette Anday, Margit Angerer, Hans Duhan, and Franz Steiner re-created the delightful atmosphere of the *Schubertiade* with Schubert's songs and chamber compositions on the balcony of the house. Here, if anywhere, it should be possible to recapture Schubert, that true Viennese whose songs reflect so truly his Viennese gaiety and his equally Viennese sentimental melancholy. Coaches, cobbled streets, low-roofed houses, swallow-tail coats, *alt-Wien* china—it should all be here in the Nussdorferstrasse. This birthplace of Schubert's—his parents, of course, were desperately poor and the room in

which he opened his eyes is little more than a cupboard—normally houses the Schubert Museum, but as it would take three months to pass through it 100,000 people if it was crammed from dawn to dusk, for the centenary year other arrangements have been made.

On June 6 and June 14 the "Serenade Concerts" were presented on the Josefsplatz, that square formed by part of the imperial Hofburg which has not changed in appearance since Schubert's earliest days. Franz Schalk conducted the first, Benhard Baumgartner, of the Salzburg Mozarteum, the second of these concerts. Just inside a gateway leading off the Josefsplatz is the Burgkapelle, the Imperial Chapel of the Hofburg. It was in the choir (then called the Hofknaben, now the Wiener Sängerknaben) of this chapel that young Schubert learned to sing.

On June 9, on over one hundred squares in Vienna, there were open-air Schubert concerts largely by the German choristers to the number of over 100,000 who were then visiting Vienna. Four thousand choristers assembled outside the Rathaus, which displayed its celebrated illuminations without which no Vienna festival is complete for the true Viennese.

For the month of November, when Schubert died, equally interesting but very different ceremonies are in prospect. There will be the official tribute of respect to the Schubert monument in the Stadtpark on November 17, and on the next day, the unveiling of the new Schubert Fountain. In the evening—the eve of his death—the wind-instruments of the Opera and National Theatre will play the melodies of Schubert from the towers of the illuminated Rathaus. On the day itself, November 19, a series of solemn ceremonies have been arranged in which the influence of Viennese *Feingefühl* is very marked. After Dr. Seitz, the Bürgermeister of Vienna has laid a wreath on Schubert's grave to the accompaniment of hymns sung by female choirs, the Vienna "Schubert-

bund" assembles in the room in which the beloved Viennese passed away and, at three o'clock, the hour of his death, proceeds to chant a lament for his passing. Immediately afterwards the members of this society form up in funeral procession outside the house, and walk from there to the Josefskirche (where the funeral service was held in 1828) to hold within a memorial Schubert concert, following exactly the route taken by the sorrowing friends a hundred years previously, to the very day and hour.

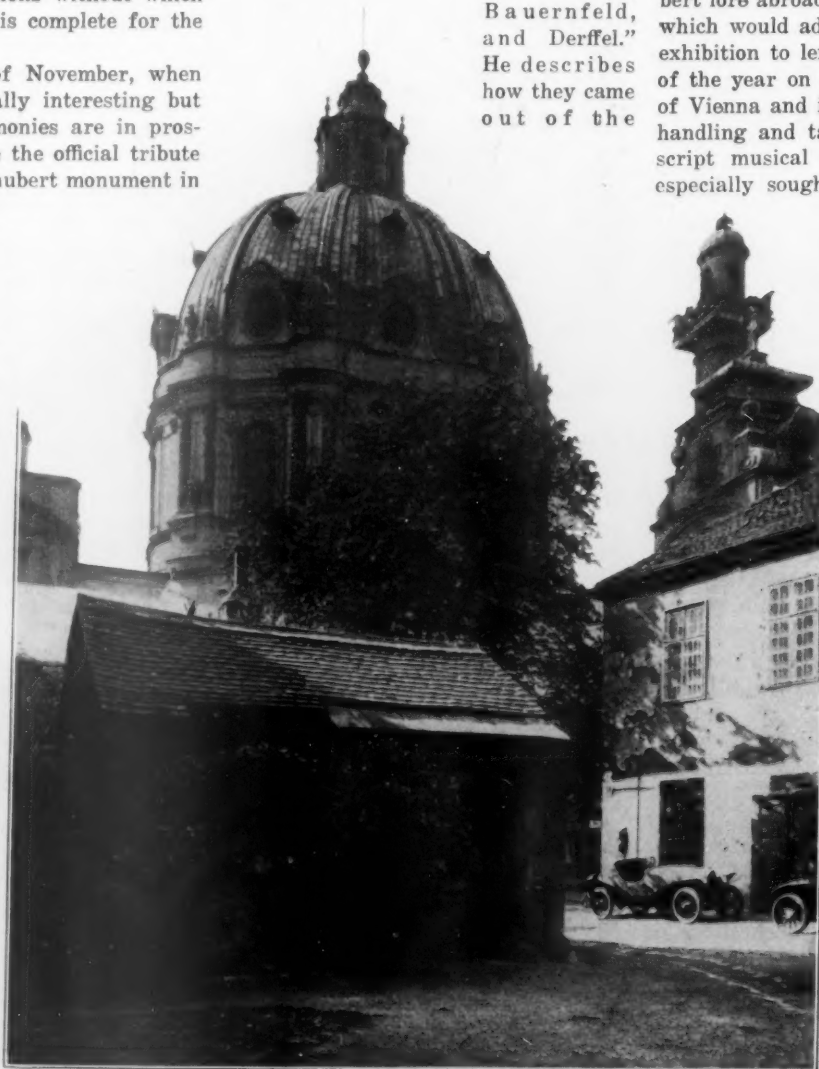
THE year will not end on this simple note of piety alone, for until December 31 the special Schubert Centenary Exhibition will remain open. In it an attempt will be made to re-create, not only Schubert, but his period. It will contain, not merely solemn, but also gay relics of the man who was often in that state of exuberant gaiety called in Vienna "*ausg'lassen*." "We went to the 'Anchor,'" writes his friend Franz von Hartmann on December 30, 1826, "where we found Schober, Schwind, Schubert, Bauernfeld, and Derffel." He describes how they came out of the

"Anchor" to find the Grünangergasse—a picturesque little street near the Cathedral which you will still find pretty much as Schubert knew it—and engaged in snowballing. Schwind himself describes a *Sylvesterabend* (New Year's Eve) when they all waited for Schubert, who arrived a little after twelve with Dr. Bernhard and announced their arrival "with a little target practice. Schubert hit the mark all right and the wounded window-pane caused quite an alarm." Such an one, and no other, was Franz Schubert of Vienna.

The Centenary Exhibition will include Vienna paintings and sculptures of Schubert's day, interiors of the Biedermeier period, and, of course, all the letters and other documents in the possession of Vienna societies and private persons which will enable a chapter "Schubert's Life in Documents" to be put on view. In this connection, Herr Direktor Reuther, of the *Städtische Sammlungen*, who has charge of all municipal collections, asks me to appeal on his behalf to any friends of Schubert lore abroad who have any material which would add to the interest of the exhibition to lend it for the remainder of the year on the security of the city of Vienna and its guarantee of careful handling and tasteful display. Manuscript musical scores, of course, are especially sought after.

This article takes no account of the extensive arrangements made by the Austrian Government for the Schubert centenary—it deals only with the personal tribute of Vienna to that one of her sons whose memory she holds perhaps dearer than any other, for better than any other did he know her heart.

For is not the very slogan of Vienna's celebrations, "Nach Wien in Schubertjahr 1928" taken in part from Schubert's own letters? Would anything give him more pleasure than to know that his name was being employed to give to others a more intimate knowledge of the city which he loved so dearly?



The humble cottage behind the beautiful Karlskirche (Vienna) where Schubert lived in dire poverty in early youth

ROTARY CLUB ACTIVITIES

"I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes."—*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

Buy Shares in Preparatory School

MAZATLAN, MEXICO.—The club publication of Rotarians at Mazatlan mentions that this city had no preparatory school when the Rotary club was organized. Children were sent to other points in Mexico or to the United States for elementary training. The Rotarians were quick to recognize their opportunity for community service and each member bought a \$100 share in the fund for a preparatory school, the club as a unit taking five additional shares. Now the Rotarians are concerned with the development of the courses and especially the introduction of a commercial course.

Little Theatre Celebrates 200th Week

BRISTOL, ENGLAND.—More than fourteen hundred performances, more than 180 different plays, are now credited

to the Little Theatre at Bristol—the permanent repertory theatre sponsored by local Rotarians. Among the leading dramatists whose work was presented here were Barrie, Galsworthy, Shaw, Ervine, Milne, Pinero, Sutro, Jones, Maugham, Wilde, and Shakespeare; but the lesser lights were not entirely omitted and the theatre has a steadily growing patronage.

Average Age of Members Is 50.08 Years

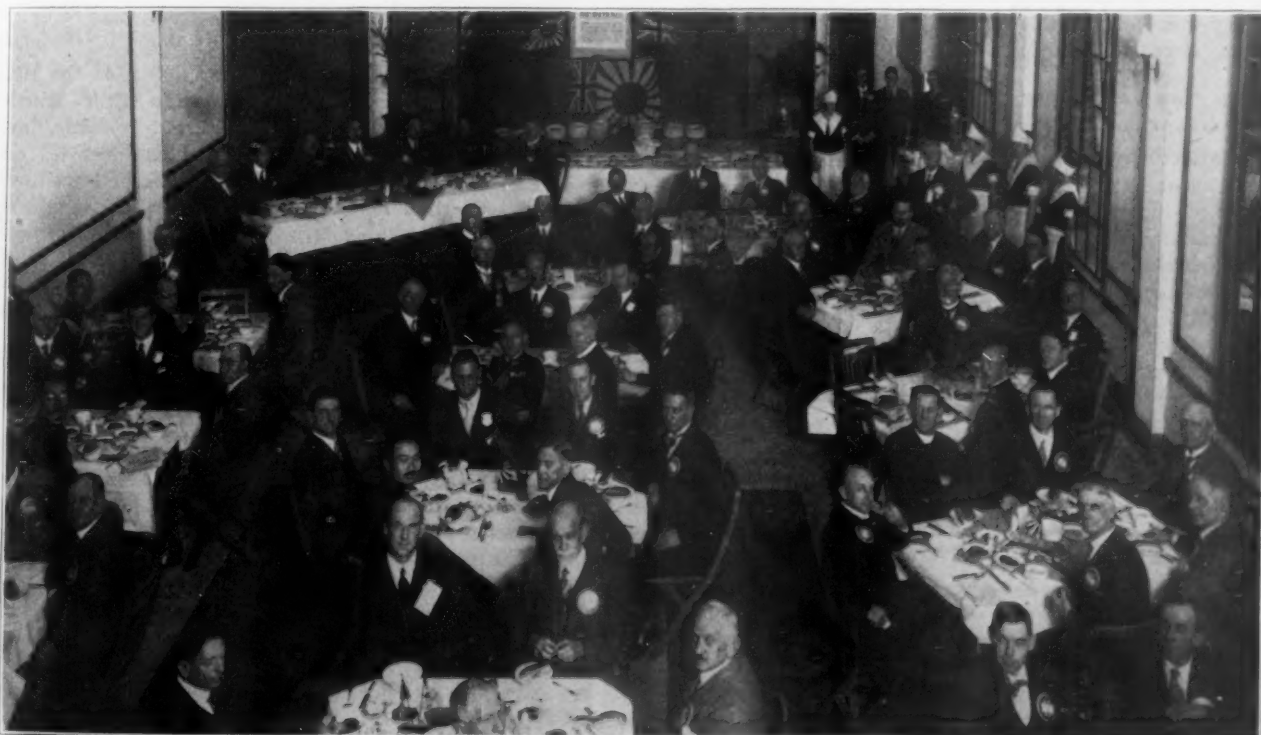
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.—Following some arguments as to the average age of the local Rotarians, Bob Hawes checked over the records and finally decided that the average figure was 50.08 years. It would be interesting to know how this compares with similar estimates from other Rotary clubs. The Louisville club was organized in June, 1912; membership at present, approximately 260.

Consul's Work Is Recognized

ANTWERP, BELGIUM.—The departure of G. S. Messersmith, consul-general of the United States at Antwerp for ten years, was made the occasion for a testimonial by Antwerp Rotarians, who presented him with a silver-mounted desk set and made him an honorary member. When the Rotary club of Antwerp was founded in 1926 Consul Messersmith was one of the most active supporters, and his recent transfer to the American service at Buenos Aires will not deprive him of the opportunity to associate with Rotarians.

Scout Troop in Orthopedic Hospital

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.—Eleven youngsters at the Orthopedic Hospital here spend a good bit of their time looking forward to their ten-day vacation at Scout Camp. While they cannot hike



"An important aim of this cruise is that we may meet influential people, speak with them, eliminate any misunderstandings, and cement the good relationship between our nations," declared Vice-Admiral Seizo Kobayashi, commanding the Japanese naval-training squadron which visited Auckland, New Zealand, recently. Prince Takamatsu, officers of the squadron, and I. M. Tokugawa, Japanese consul-general for Australia and New Zealand, were guests of Auckland Rotary. They were welcomed by the president, G. W. Hutchinson and the vote of thanks to Vice-Admiral Kobayashi was proposed by W. F. Boyle, consul for the United States. Suitable decorations and entertainment added to the effect of this practical exemplification of Rotary's Sixth Object



Here are some of the boys who enjoyed a vacation at the Rotary Camp at Lee's Summit, Missouri. The Kansas City (Mo.) Rotary Club received a 40-acre tract from Bob Gees under a trust agreement that the land would always be used for this purpose. Camp facilities permit of approximately 700 boys enjoying such a vacation during the season, and plans for a large swimming-pool are now being perfected

and swim like the other Scouts they are keen students of nature lore and faithfully observe the "good turn daily." When these boys first went to camp the other Scouts immediately transported them over the 100-acre grounds. Local Rotarians who sponsored the hospital troop, and who make many vacations possible for many other boys, were well pleased.

Two Hundred Boys On Historical Tour

UNIONTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA. — For four years the Uniontown Rotarians have conducted an auto educational tour to local places of historic interest. More and more underprivileged boys have gone on each successive trip. This year about two hundred boys, whose ages ranged from ten to fourteen, were loaded into the twenty-five private cars and two busses that went to Braddock's Grave, Fort Necessity, and then to a farm, where there were games, swimming, and a lunch. This last included 1,000 sandwiches and other edibles in proportion.

Two Interesting Debates

HIGH WYCOMBE, ENGLAND. — Local Rotarians enjoyed two open discussions which were not without Rotary implications though the organization itself was not directly connected with the subjects selected. The first debate was on the following: "A doctor, on making a humanitarian discovery, will broadcast it, while a commercial man would patent it to make money. Which

is the higher standard, and can it be adopted generally?" The second debate was on the question of municipal by-laws possibly having an adverse effect upon Imperial interests.

Memorial to Ornithologist

ITHACA, NEW YORK. — Apparently Ithicans believe in continuing good work. A recent report states: "As a memorial to the late Dr. Louis Agassiz Fuertes, of Cornell University, an internationally known authority on ornithology, Rotarians of Ithaca will establish a wild-bird refuge to perpetuate the memory of the work he loved so well."

Help for Dependent Boys

TULSA, OKLAHOMA. — In 1926 the boy's work committee of Tulsa Rotary decided that something should be arranged to help dependent boys who wanted money for vacation camp trips or school privileges. With the cooperation of the vocational training and manual art departments of the public schools, a scheme was worked out whereby such boys could make articles for sale, and the Rotary directors voted \$1,000 to serve as working capital. Three attempts were made to sell all the articles made by the boys and auditor's reports show that nearly \$500 worth was sold. However, articles inventoried at slightly over \$400 still remain. While the fund did not revolve as rapidly as planned, the Rotarians feel that it has served a good purpose

and has kept some boys in school who would not have continued their education without this aid, in fact, twenty-three boys had no funds with which to buy lunches while attending school. Another sale of the boys' products will probably be held soon.

Vocational Talk With Demonstration

MUSCATINE, IOWA. — Out on the Hill-andale farm Rotarian Cliff Musser raises blooded Hereford cattle, and some of the prize stock was led out while Dean H. H. Kildee of Iowa State College explained to Rotarians and students just why and where these pedigreed animals showed that stock breeding was not a matter of owner's pride — but of producing animals that would give more and better cuts of meat.

More Than 1,000 At Exposition

LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA. — The invitation of Long Beach Rotary was accepted by more than 1,000 Rotarians and their wives, who came from neighboring cities to attend the Pacific Southwest Exposition and to enjoy Rotary fellowship. At the exposition, which had exhibits from eighteen European nations, there was a Rotary banquet. President Harry Buffan of Long Beach gave the address of welcome and then introduced Jim Reed, past president of Long Beach Rotary and now president of the Chamber of Commerce. Later Bee Behymer of Los Angeles Rotary, director general of amusements for the exposition, ex-

plained the purposes of the big show. Conrad Nagel of Hollywood talked of Rotary's Sixth Object and Herb Harris, district governor, gave an inspiring message.

Minimum of \$5,000 for Hospitals

BELFAST, IRELAND.—The Belfast Rotarians are active in assisting the building schemes of the Maternity Hospital and the Children's Hospital. The club membership has been divided into teams and money is already coming in. A minimum of \$5,000 is expected but it is possible that double this amount will be secured.

Fifteen Years Of Attendance

PEORIA, ILLINOIS.—When Rotary attendance records are mentioned we think immediately of Gunnar Wikander of Detroit, Michigan, and Louis Hirshig of Madison, Wisconsin, each of whom has an enviable standing in this respect. Now we must add a third in the person of Dr. E. H. Bradley of Peoria, Illinois, who had not missed a meeting from the time that club was organized in April, 1913, to July 31st of this year—and, so far as THE ROTARIAN knows, continues his faithful attendance. Has any other club a member with fourteen years or more of regular Rotary attendance?

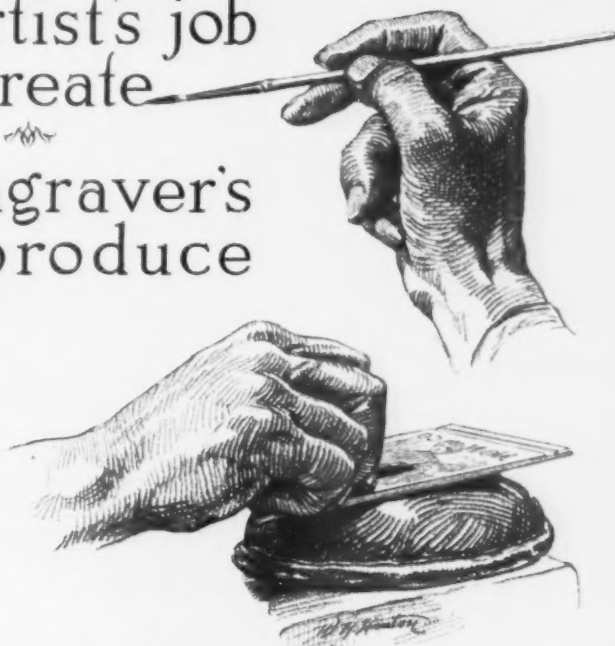
Another item worth mentioning in connection with this club is that one of its members assiduously collects stamps—but not for himself. He gives them gratis to schoolboys and takes no reward but a letter of appreciation. All of which led to a bit of psychological healing. For someone told the Rotarian of a fourteen-year-old boy, suffering from tuberculosis, who had lost interest in everything but his stamp collection. The Rotarian immediately sent him a packet of 225 cancelled foreign stamps, but the boy's mother wisely refrained from giving the whole packet at once. She doled them out from day to day—and the boy, having something to look forward to, took a new interest in life and is now said to be quite healthy.

Every Member on Program Committees

LAGRANGE, GEORGIA.—The LaGrange Rotary club puts every member to work by dividing the responsibility for programs among twelve monthly committees. These committees cooperate with the standing committees and with anyone else who is invited to participate. The meetings for the whole year are charted and committee assignments can be worked out in advance. Enough open dates are left to take care of emergencies and allow for any neces-

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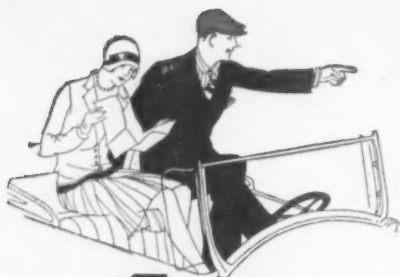
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sary changes. The general program committee makes suggestions in connection with the outline, which, by the way, is neatly blue-printed.

\$10 Apiece for Swimming Pool

EL CAJON, CALIFORNIA.—While the Rotary club of El Cajon did not actually establish the new community swimming-pool, the members did suggest the scheme and did contribute \$10 apiece. Benefit entertainments added to the fund and finally the local Legion post contributed the final installment and the pool was dedicated July 4th. Since then it has been much used, and the nominal charge for the patrons has more than paid expenses of upkeep. The El Cajon Rotarians have also revived the Chamber of Commerce and are now trying to get gas service for the town—with good prospects of success.

Carload of Logs For Girl Scouts

PRATT, KANSAS.—Local Rotarians are planning to purchase a carload of telephone poles which will be used in the 18x36 foot log cabin for the Girl Scouts. The club's investment will run about \$350, and the girls are busy with various projects that will provide the balance of their building fund.

Take Farmers to Experiment Station

ST. STEPHEN-MILLTOWN, NEW BRUNSWICK.—At Doak, New Brunswick, there is a big government experimental farm and the trip to this point from St. Stephen and return means a drive of about 160 miles. But in 1927 the Rotarians of St. Stephen-Milltown collected about 90 farmers who lived within a radius of 20 miles and took them all to the experimental station so that they might gain knowledge of the latest methods in agriculture. In 1928 the business men made a similar trip with eighty other farmers who had not gone on the first excursion, and there were lectures on various agricultural topics as well as a conducted tour of the station. The thirty members of the Rotary club expect to make this an annual affair, they find that it helps the Dominion experts, the farmers, and is leading to closer cooperation between the town folk and country folk.

To Promote Acquaintance

FORT WORTH, TEXAS.—Because the local Rotary club realized the difficulty of keeping approximately 250 members informed as to each other's identity, especially since forty-two members had joined during the fiscal year, a novel program was resorted to. All new members were given seats at one of

three long tables. Scattered throughout these three groups were members of the fellowship committee who later made introductions.

Each Rotarian entering the dining-room was handed a picture supplement to the club publication, was admonished to study it as he would probably need something of the sort during the meeting. Then the chairman of the fellowship committee had new members stand in groups and called on old members at random for introductions. Many amusing slips were made—and the program served to impress on all both the lack of and importance of thorough acquaintance among members.

Seven Cottages for Salvation Army Camp

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA.—About seven years ago the Salvation Army secured 83 acres of wooded land near this city, and on this tract, which has a 30-acre lake, a fresh-air camp was established for deserving families. Now there are fifty cottages in this camp, besides administration buildings. During the season approximately 1,600 people spend two happy weeks here, and so far as possible each family is kept operating as a unit during the stay.

This year the camp had an additional feature, accommodation having been provided for ten or a dozen crippled children and a special nurse.

Minneapolis Rotarians have interested themselves in this fresh-air camp. For several seasons individual members have furnished transportation for groups of the mothers and their children, have sponsored athletic meets, and have held one Rotary luncheon at the camp each year. By request of the Rotarians a section large enough to contain ten cottages has been set aside. One Rotarian landscaped this plot to form a wheel and already seven cottages have been contributed, costing about \$350 apiece. Three more will probably be added soon.

"What Shall We Give Them? Brown Bread and Butter"

LINTON, INDIANA.—The Rotary Triads of Linton and vicinity are a group of thirteen talented girls under the direction of a Rotary Ann, Mrs. Wayne Hamilton. This organization is sponsored by the local Rotary club, appears at Rotary concerts, and last year entertained the District Conference which was held at West Baden. They featured original Rotary songs as well as those in the official song-book, and always appear in costume of the Rotary colors, which is furnished by the club. Recently they represented the club in a Fourth of July float parade. Some of the girls are being aided in their effort for musical education by individual Rotarians.

And So to Luncheon

(Continued from page 19)

ing jury duty; and he asked that all agree, on account of their necessary public service, be declared present and marked. The assent was given unanimously with gusto.

The boys work committee reported that every member of the club was now engaged in some sort of boys work except two and that they would be found proper niches within a week or ten days.

"One of our main objects," punctuated a chap sitting on my left. "Every member working for boys somewhere—big brother, boys' club, Y.M.C.A., Sunday School, Boy Scouts, or what have you."

"Red Harrington will now introduce the speaker," the President said.

A tall brick-haired man beside him rose and used such words as these: "Bill Parsons of the State Board of Pardons knows more about prison personalities than anyone in the state. I'm mighty glad he's willing to let us in on some of his secrets. Bill Parsons!"

I glanced at my watch. It was 1.08 o'clock, on the tick! That was an introduction, concise, complete and well-timed, forsooth! The only kind a Rotary speaker ought to have.

I SHALL not attempt to repeat the talk. It was a wholesome, constructive discussion of the difficulties involved in the age-old problem of crime and punishment. Every sentence said something. Could he cover his ground in twenty minutes? I was timing him. Like clockwork he gathered his conclusions into two or three memorable epigrammatic sentences and sat down—thirty seconds before 1:28. What a schedule-perfect meeting!

There was a sincere burst of approval. It ceased at the gavel. Somebody moved a hearty vote of thanks and the whole club arose to the affirmative with further applause. Again the gavel and the members began slowly drifting out. I noticed none had gone until then. No melting away of the audience before it had even voiced its appreciation!

Many surged forward to greet the speaker. Other knots gathered around the Rotary visitors. Several shook my hand. One of them insisted he had met me at Toronto. Another asked: "Do you know Bill Bunny? He sells me drugs." Of course I did: Bill had sat at the same table with me at Rotary

luncheon in Troy a fortnight before.

I was in a hurry to make my train.

"Don't worry about it," put in Joe Halpin. "I'll run you down by way of the business district and let you see the town in ten minutes."

We were in his car in a hurry, a couple of other Rotarians joining us for company. I never saw a cleaner, lighter, friendlier town. We passed a little park with a fine playground—equipped by the Rotary Club, one of my companions informed me.

We rolled into the station in ample time. There were hurried good-byes with personal messages to our president, Chet Meneely, and to Bill Bunny, the drug manufacturer; and I swung aboard, waving a last farewell.

As I found a seat and thought over my experience I was deeply grateful to my chance acquaintance of the earlier train. What a perfect club! So businesslike and yet so brotherly! There didn't seem to be a flaw in that fine meeting. I had something to tell the home club. Yet there was nothing particularly unusual, nothing that didn't happen in other places. But it was so spontaneous and enthusiastic. Somehow all the best seemed combined and correlated into one luncheon hour. That was all. Yes; I should tell them about it in Troy.

Suddenly I remembered that I did not even know the name of the city I had visited. I searched for my timetable but it eluded me. I recalled the fact that I had merely caught, in my deaf way, something about "the next station." I fumbled hopelessly for a clue and could find none.

The conductor reached my seat and I handed him my ticket. I looked hopefully up at him.

"What was the name of the town we just came through?" I asked.

He surveyed me quizzically, smiling his amusement.

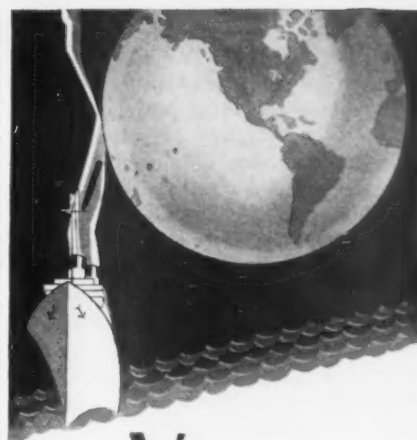
"You don't know the town you came from? And it's only two o'clock," he challenged.

I explained I was telling him the truth. I had just stopped over a train for luncheon.

"It's a famous little city," he averred. "Don't you really know its name?"

I shook my head.

So he told me. "Why, that was Utopia!"



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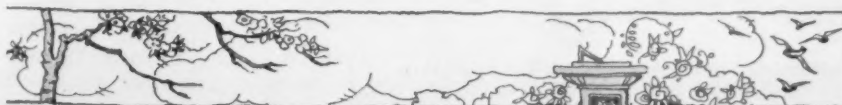
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Incorrigible Old Age

(Continued from page 25)

less than five hundred pounds, I judge, from having at her direction carried it from one spot of sunshine to another. It was a good deal like moving the kitchen stove to lug it from the living room to her bedroom. The fern needed repotting and the Aged was convinced that no one, so well as herself, knew how it should be done.

"It's too heavy for you, mother," Nancy would say. "You'd break your back if you tried to lift it, or hurt yourself in some dreadful way. I'll get a man to do it for you." But she didn't. The matter was referred to occasionally, but nothing definite was done about it.

The Aged was very seldom left in the house alone. Not that she was unable to look after herself or that she needed entertainment; it just wasn't done. Leaving her in the house alone was like going off and leaving the baby asleep alone upstairs. But one pleasant day in the fall every one excepting the Aged went off, bent on business or pleasure, as the case might be. When we came back just before dinner she was sitting in her chair by the window, smiling placidly and rocking, and beside her the sword fern, repotted as she had wanted it to be, its fronds all carefully washed.

"Did you carry that heavy thing out of doors by yourself, mother?" Nancy asked in amazement. "Why, it's as much as a man can lift. It really isn't safe to leave you alone."

And the Aged said nothing, but just laughed, rather disrespectfully, I thought. But, of course, such a breaking away from restraint was only on rare and exceptional occasions.

When she was younger, sixty-five or so we will say, we began to see that she needed restraint. She did pretty largely as she was told when her wise daughters were about; but if they should happen to go off for a vacation or a visit to relatives and leave her alone for a season, she was sure to do something unexpected, like remodeling the upstairs rooms, or building on an additional bedroom, or enlarging the

sun room, so that everything was nicely torn up by the time the girls returned.

In general, however, she submitted quite meekly to the regulations imposed upon her physical and social and gastronomic activities. I am afraid that now those days are gone forever. Our old people are refusing to be restrained or controlled as they should be.

Nancy and I were spending a few days at the Shades not long ago, and I had got up early in the morning to enjoy the fresh morning air. A dear old lady was sitting alone on the lounge when I came in from my room, and I entered into conversation with her. She was eighty-three, she confessed rather proudly to me, for after one has passed a certain age, one's years become a matter of personal pride often. She had come down from a Chicago suburb with her daughter and her daughter's family to spend a week-end at the hotel.

"ISN'T the scenery beautiful here?" I said to her.

"Oh! I suppose so," she answered, "but I haven't seen much of it. My daughter is a very nervous person, and she worries constantly for fear I shall hurt myself, or do something I shouldn't, so, to keep her calm and contented, I sit in the car and look out while the rest of the family go off to see the river and the canyons and all the beautiful things. I can really walk better than my daughter can, but she won't be convinced that I am not really old."

I was sure she could do anything that any young girl could do, for she

was as active as a wren. She had cheeks like a robin's breast; she had a pale blue ribbon tied about her hair with a saucy bow on one side that gave her a girlish, coquettish look, and she was a slender little thing. She had been a heart-breaker once upon a time, it was clear to see. You would never have guessed her age. I could see that she would be a hard one to manage. Perhaps I showed my interest and my sympathy a little; possibly my gray hair struck a note of understanding between us. She chuckled to herself over some pleasant memory, apparently, and then she laid her hand on mine.

"I'm going to tell you," she said, quite confidentially, "You see I'm never allowed to go out alone—I'm too old—and especially to go into the city. There's no telling what might happen to me, my daughter thinks. There are the crowds in the streets, and the menace of motor cars, and the revolving doors at the store entrances, and a thousand other dangers. You know about them, too, I suppose."

I did, for I had pointed them out more than once to my own mother and Nancy's.

"My daughter Cora went off to a card party one afternoon last week and left me alone, as she usually doesn't. What do you suppose I did?"

Looking at her I could see that she was capable of almost any hoydenish escapade, but I didn't guess.

"Well, I put on my things and took the elevated and spent the afternoon shopping in the big stores. I got along all right, and I had a lovely time. I got home before Cora did, and I never

told her a word about where I had been or what I had done. I was sitting by the window when she came in, just where she had left me."

"Did you have a very lonesome afternoon, mother?" she asked sympathetically. "I had a beautiful time," I answered. It was true, too. There wasn't any use going into detail."

I could see that there wasn't. Safety was best attained through silence.



"Things are all changed now. . . . We don't keep grandfather shut up in the house."

There is no such thing as age now, and so there's no restraining it. It is said of Doctor Johnson that he was not one day in the streets of London without a former classmate whom he had known fifty years before and whom, since they had not met during that period, he very naturally did not recognize.

"We are old men now," the classmate said.

"We are, sir," the philosopher acknowledged, "but do not let us discourage one another."

The old today are not daunted by advancing years. They take heart and go on; they are not discouraged.

A neighbor of mine, past eighty he was at the time, was building onto his house a few years ago, another house which before the proposed addition seemed to me quite adequate for his needs.

"What's the idea, Judge?" I inquired. "Haven't you enough to look after as it is without building more? You are burdening yourself."

"Well," he explained, "my wife and I were talking things over a few weeks ago,"—she was as old as he—"and we decided that when we got old we should need some one to look after us, perhaps, and I am getting a little addition ready for a man and his wife to live in when we need attention."

When they got old! They would have been thought ready for their graves at sixty when I was a small boy, and now they were going about and acting just like young people, and they were both past eighty.

ONE of the young old boys in one community drives a motor car now as everyone does in spite of age. It is a high-powered one, too. Eighty he is, though he does not look the part. Does he amble along at fifteen miles an hour as his conservative middle-aged children are constantly insisting that he do. Not he. He drives like Jehu. In fact, I imagine that Jehu, speedster that he is reputed to have been in his day, never dreamed of going at half so fast a pace as my octogenarian neighbor strikes every day. He shocked us all by being arrested by the local police on his eightieth birthday for exceeding the speed limit. Age may once have been restrained, but not these days.

A tall, straight, active man walks past my office every morning to his own office. He is nearing seventy-five years of age, yet he has the step and the bearing of a boy. His mind is as alert as it was when I first knew him nearly forty years ago. I believe that if we were shy a first baseman on our

ball team and if it were not contrary to Conference rules, he could still do skillful service in that position. He seems to have pushed old age into the background.

There was a garb of age once. When women reached fifty, we will say, they were supposed to announce that fact by the color and the cut of their clothes. Their gowns were more sombre as befitted advancing years. Their bonnets were of a different shape. I said bonnets, for I am sure we should all have been scandalized if mother had worn a hat after she reached fifty. Hats were for young girls, and young

girls saw to it that their elders were dressed as became their age. There was restraint then.

Men, too, were expected to dress in a more formal and dignified way as they reached or passed middle age. There was a period in every man's life, if he lived past middle age, when the frock coat became a necessity. If my father at my age—he really never reached my age, though he was an old man when he died—if, I say, at my age he had dared to wear "snappy" clothes such as men of my age quite generally affect today, he would have been looked upon as pretty completely daft. Men and women today, no matter what their

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age, may wear what pleases them. Old people have broken away from the convention that after you pass certain milestones you must look old, and dress as if you were tottering upon the brink of the grave. There is no such thing as old age any more. Parents have thrown off the restraint which was formerly imposed upon them by their children after they were past sixty. My neighbor across the street who was building onto his house at eighty-three in anticipation of the coming of old age, died at eighty-seven, but he was still a boy at heart. He never grew old; he looked after his affairs; he took part in all the activities of the town; he drove about with his old horse and buggy as gayly as he had always done, until within a week of his death.

Old age was rather a sad state as I first knew it. There was something pathetic in being sent to the chimney corner. There is nothing that so takes the life and the courage out of one as to feel that he is useless, that there is nothing further for him to do but to sit and wait for the end to come and, in a sense, that was what old age meant as I first knew it. Old men turned over their businesses to their sons and became a burden and a care to their daughters-in-law. Old women gave up their homes—and there is nothing that a woman values more than a home—and went to live with their daughters, their chief recreation being the task of looking after their grand-children when the parents of these children were off some where enjoying themselves, and largely because they were expected to do so. Too often they were made to feel like paupers and mendicants and hangers-on; and they looked the part.

Too often when old age came on there was nothing for one to do, and idleness breeds discontent and discouragement and unhappiness. An old lady whom I knew well thirty years ago or more and who was being cared for and looked after and kept in lest she injure herself in some way, said to me one day:

"The misery of old age is that there is nothing for one to do. I sit idle all day long; I am of no use to anyone. If I might only go into the kitchen and peel the potatoes for dinner, I should feel that I was not wholly useless."

But the hand of restraint was on her.

Things are all changed now. We don't keep grandfather shut up in the house now, sleeping through the day by the fireplace.

"Old age is old-fashioned

And has passed away,

And you wouldn't know grandpa

And grandma today,"

a pseudo poet tells us. We don't lie awake nights worrying for fear they will fall and break their bones. That

used to be the chief worry with regard to old people, and for that reason the hand of restraint was laid upon them. Grandfather keeps himself physically fit, and there is little danger of his stumbling as he runs down the stairs. Grandmother can dance as well as her granddaughter. The man with the low score in the golf club to which I belong is seventy-eight, and no one needs to worry about him or lay on him the restraining hand. He may not drive the farthest, but he drives the most surely and the most accurately.

THERE was a general protest a year or two ago when one of our well-known journalists retired from the active management of his magazines—just because he wanted to play, he announced. And what has his play been? The most active work that he has ever done. Old age has given him an opportunity to do what pleased him; to accomplish those worthy things which the exigencies of a dominating business life have not left him time to do. He had no desire to be idle; he wanted to do those things which he wanted to do—better things possibly than he had been doing. His is the sort of freedom which modern old age is claiming the right to enjoy.

Browning, old man as he was, must have had a vision of age breaking away from its old conventions and the restraining hand of youth when he wrote:

"Grow old along with me,

The best is yet to be."

Old age now is becoming for many a time of freedom, of happiness, of accomplishment in the things which youth failed to accomplish or did not have the time to accomplish. If you want proof of that look around you at some of those who are giving all their time to a Rotary hobby and upon whose shoulders the years sit lightly. Old age need no longer be a time of uselessness, of relegation to the sidelines of life.

Our neighbor at eighty went round the world a year or two ago; saw all of the things about which during her eighty active years she had been reading, and had the time of her life. Now she has time at eighty-five to ponder over and enjoy the things which she saw at an age which, a few years ago, no one would have thought of seeing anything but the four walls of a stuffy room.

Aunt Emma at eighty-seven is keeping house, and it is a well-kept house, too. There is nothing that Aunt Emma has ever enjoyed more than her own home. She has children with whom she might live, children who are very fond of her, too, and who would gladly give her a home, and relieve her of the care and responsibility of housekeeping, but that is just what she does not want

be relieved of. She doesn't want to be taken care of. She wants no restraining hand. She wants to be free to do as she pleases, to come and go, if to come and go she feels able, when the desire seizes her.

"You're going to fall some day and break your leg," an anxious neighbor says to her.

"Well, it's my leg," Aunt Emma replies. Old age has revolted, you see.

One of my young friends since I began this paper was telling me of his grandmother. She is eighty, I believe. She had lived a somewhat hedged-in life until her husband died. Then she decided she would be free. She has a big house, and she filled it full of

lodgers whom she cares for with her own hands. She has a motor car, and she drives it herself. She dresses like a modest young girl, and she does the things which young people do—discreetly, of course, but enthusiastically. It's the way of old people now, and to me it seems a good way.

As I said at the beginning, old age is incorrigible now; it is not going to be pushed into the chimney corner as it once was. It is not going to submit to the restraining hand of youth or admit defeat or uselessness until the last hour of play.

"We may be old," they say, as Johnson admitted to his friends, "but why try to discourage us."

The Jury System on Trial

(Continued from page 13)

"How is a juror to determine the quality of testimony?" What will enable a juror to determine what testimony is believable and credible?" "What is an 'issue' for a jury in a case?" "Why should the jury be required to accept the law from the judge and no one else?" "Where does the judge get the law?"

These are a few of the briefer questions contained in the booklet and are sufficient to suggest the general field attempted in an effort to acquaint the jurors with the primary details of their work. These booklets are placed in the hands of each member of the panel some ten days before the term opens.

The authors of our jury system believed in the common citizen, in his sense of justice, in his intelligence and his honor. There are no superficial reasons to justify us having any less faith in the ordinary citizen. Intelligence is, to all practical purposes, more universal than it was a couple of centuries ago. It would be a serious indictment for anyone to charge our average citizen with a blighted sense of justice. If there were any letting down in that respect it would seem that lawyers and judges have been amiss in their insistence upon proper education and inculcation of the spirit of justice into the minds of our people. It is not proposed to argue or discuss this point, but rather to assume as an accepted fact that the average man who enters our jury box for the trial of cases has a sense of justice not out of proportion to his intelligence and that will respond willingly to any increased, obvious intelligence brought to his mind.

In civil, as well as criminal trials in England, the judge has the case well in

hand and is in practical control of the jury. The selection of a panel under that system is so dominated by the judge that all of the technical questions raised in American courts are not permitted. It is worthy of note that criminal trials in England are very speedy indeed.

The Court of Criminal Appeal can allow an appeal and set aside a conviction if it thinks a jury's verdict is "unreasonable" or cannot be supported by the evidence, or because of a wrong decision on a question of law, or if it thinks that "on any ground there was a miscarriage of justice."

ONE feature of the English court which must have immense value in the repression of crime is the speed of its work. We in America completely lose sight of the psychological importance of speed in the final determination of criminal cases. Someone, for example, is murdered. It may be a very gross and inhuman crime. We are shocked at the wrong done to the victim at the time we first hear of the case. Long before its final determination, however, the dead victim has faded from our memory and we simply have before us the picture of the living defendant squirming to escape punishment for his crime, and our sympathies go to him largely because we have forgotten his victim.

The average length of time that elapses in England from the day the appeal is taken, which has to be ten days after conviction, to the day it is finally disposed of in the Court of Criminal Appeal is less than five weeks. Even by the shortest of memories the victim cannot be forgotten in this time.

An eminent authority has said:

"Here in America, power in criminal

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law is mainly vested in the amateur rather than the expert. We trust our juries, but do not trust our courts. We have whittled down the power of the judge so as to make him a moderator rather than a judge. Our criminal trials with the center of authority vested in a dozen jurors, amateurs in justice, adventitiously called for the exercise of undirected powers, are public spectacles of a type utterly unknown in the British Isles. What the bullfight is to Spain, the trial in murder cases is to America—a great spectacle. It gets continuously worse."

Nothing paralleling the trial of the Hall-Mills case, one of the most spectacular cartoons of all murder trials that ever happened, can be found in the annals of British Law. Nothing like the recent Remus case in Ohio, could have occurred in England. We have overdeveloped the jury system by minimizing the authority of the judge.

In 1914, I had the unique experience of trying a case in the English courts, by courtesy, and found the judge of that court to be a typical example of the method of applying rules and keeping the case within narrow limits and the arguments directly to the point. The decision followed promptly after the argument. All technicalities are brushed aside and the main object seemed to be that justice was done with great celerity. In this country we have too many confusing and technical rules in procedures. Juries are embarrassed and befogged.

In New York State, there is now a procedure which seems to be a long step ahead. Judges of the Supreme Court, after acquiring the age limit, are appointed official referees. They hear all matters submitted by consent without juries; also cases where there is much detailed evidence. This system reduced the number of cases tried by juries by at least 30 per cent. It works so well that many litigants now are converted to the theory of arbitration before one judge or three, or before one arbitrator or three, and without juries.

There is a growing sentiment throughout the United States, that a two-thirds verdict (instead of the present unanimous verdict requirement) will prove to be the best method for

speedy verdicts, as well as insuring the best results. This is in line with our universally accepted doctrine of the will of the majority prevailing.

There is an increasing tendency, because of the long delays in getting cases tried before juries, to go into the equity side of court with every conceivable case other than criminal. These cases are tried before a court without a jury. Wherever it is possible to submit a controversy to a single judge, without a jury, litigants are turning toward that tribunal. The result is that the equity side of the courts have become crowded with cases and more and more judges are being appointed or elected. The system works very well indeed. This tendency is also shown in the increasing amount of business in the district courts, where cases are usually tried without a jury. A jury must be especially demanded in those courts, otherwise in the natural course the judge tries the case.

The action of the New York Rotary Club in offering to have its members voluntarily seek service as jurors is most commendable. Usually members of all these service clubs, such as Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions, and others of a like character, are men successful in business lines and having a background of experience which is of extreme value. Most of them are owners of their own business or professions who can take the time to serve without too much detriment.

If the offer of the New York Rotary Club can be broadcasted to the point where it is one of the objects of clubs of this character, including men's clubs of the various churches and other groups of men, also members of women's clubs, so that it becomes a well-recognized principle and duty, it will aid greatly in a greater perfection of our jury system.

I am in favor of the retention of our jury systems. I believe that it is one of the great bulwarks of our civilization and that every man should be tried by a jury if he so selects. I do believe, however, in many much-needed reforms. The old system has become archaic and we must move in that particular with the trend of the times.

PLAINT

My best bib and tucker
Paraded to view
At Blackstone and Drake, but
What good does it do—
When none but lone feminine
Glances rest on it.
(That new broadtail coat,
I wish I could pawn it.)

Days are so long and so
Solemnly drear,
Without a flirtation—
An ogle—a leer.
Though gallants once lingered
At scandalous Pubs,
This town is now ruined by
Men's Luncheon Clubs.
—JUDY S., in Chicago Tribune.

Rotary Leaven in Europe

By ELSA CARLYLE SMYTHE

"YOU should go to the Minneapolis convention, and as an American and an Australian, tell the assembled Rotarians your experiences of the helpfulness of Rotary in Europe."

These words, together with our great admiration of Rotary methods, have induced me to offer this brief story to THE ROTARIAN.

To begin right at the beginning I must introduce my friend and myself to you.

Mrs. Hendrick, an American, and I, an Australian, have been working for some time in Vienna for the promotion of international good-will, which is symbolized on May 18th, "Good-Will Day."

In the course of this work we wrote to seven societies asking them to assist us.

In answer to this letter, we were invited to meet Kommerzialrat Rothberger, secretary of the Rotary Club of Vienna. The place of meeting was the Grand Hotel, the hour midday.

Seeing a tall man glance at the clock in the hotel vestibule, and taking this glance for a cue, we approached him and made ourselves known. In a few words we told of our plan of forming committees in different countries, and our idea that the societies mentioned could each delegate a member to this committee, in order to assist in arranging wireless concerts, entertainments, etc., on Good-Will Day.

I suppose we looked very determined, or obstinate, if you like that word better, for he said, almost timidly:

"Do you mind my giving you a word of advice?"

With heartfelt promptitude, we intimated that we should be grateful for it.

Obviously pleased at our reply, he continued:

"Do not write to ask societies to cooperate. Each will leave it to the other, and nothing will be done. The Rotary club may be able to help you in a very direct way. We will send out one hundred and fifty invitations to Rotary clubs within and without Europe, and they will possibly be able to arrange matters for you."

No weary Greek mariner ever gazed with more thankfulness upon the golden statue of Athene, which told him that his long voyage was over, than we upon this generous supporter.

The answers to Mr. Rothberger's appeal came in promptly, and as a result of Rotary intervention, fine Good-Will

concerts were organized in centers which we alone could never have reached.

This is only one example of the help which the Vienna Rotary Club gave us in our Good-Will campaign.

A Rotarian from Budapest, Consul Fleischl, advised us to visit that city in order to interest Hungary in the Good-Will movement, at the same time warning us that owing to a strong feeling of injury, Hungary was not likely to cooperate. He obtained for us not only invitations for the first Rotary dinner at which ladies were to be present, but arranged that we should speak on the subject of International Good-Will. He and his charming wife asked us to stay with them and invited all people connected with peace movements to meet us. Such kindness can never be forgotten.

Through their assistance the National Council of Women in Hungary celebrated Good-Will Day in their large and influential club.

At the dinner President Hegedus made a brilliant speech on his recent trip to America, then we were invited to explain our ideas and to ask for assistance. We were greeted kindly, listened to with attention, and vigorously applauded.

President Hegedus himself offered us assistance in our aim, which was to induce Hungary to broadcast an answer to the greeting of the Welsh children. Mr. Vesey offered to publish any articles written on the subject, and Mr. de Auer, a busy lawyer, offered to introduce us personally to the ministry.

THE next speaker at the dinner was a leading architect who spoke in Hungarian. Although unable to understand his language, from the expressions of the people near me, I know the speech was excellent. He in turn was followed by an Italian. Now Italy and Hungary are at present friends, so this made no particular impression upon us. The "clou" was a speech in German by a visitor from Czechoslovakia.

This, to Anglo-Saxons, conveys very little. To anyone who has lived in, and studied the conditions prevailing in this corner of Europe, where Greeks and Hungarians hate each other very little more than they hate Czechs and Rumanians, where Jugoslavians and Italians are at daggers drawn, the statement is of tremendous significance.

"Who is he?" I asked my neighbor,

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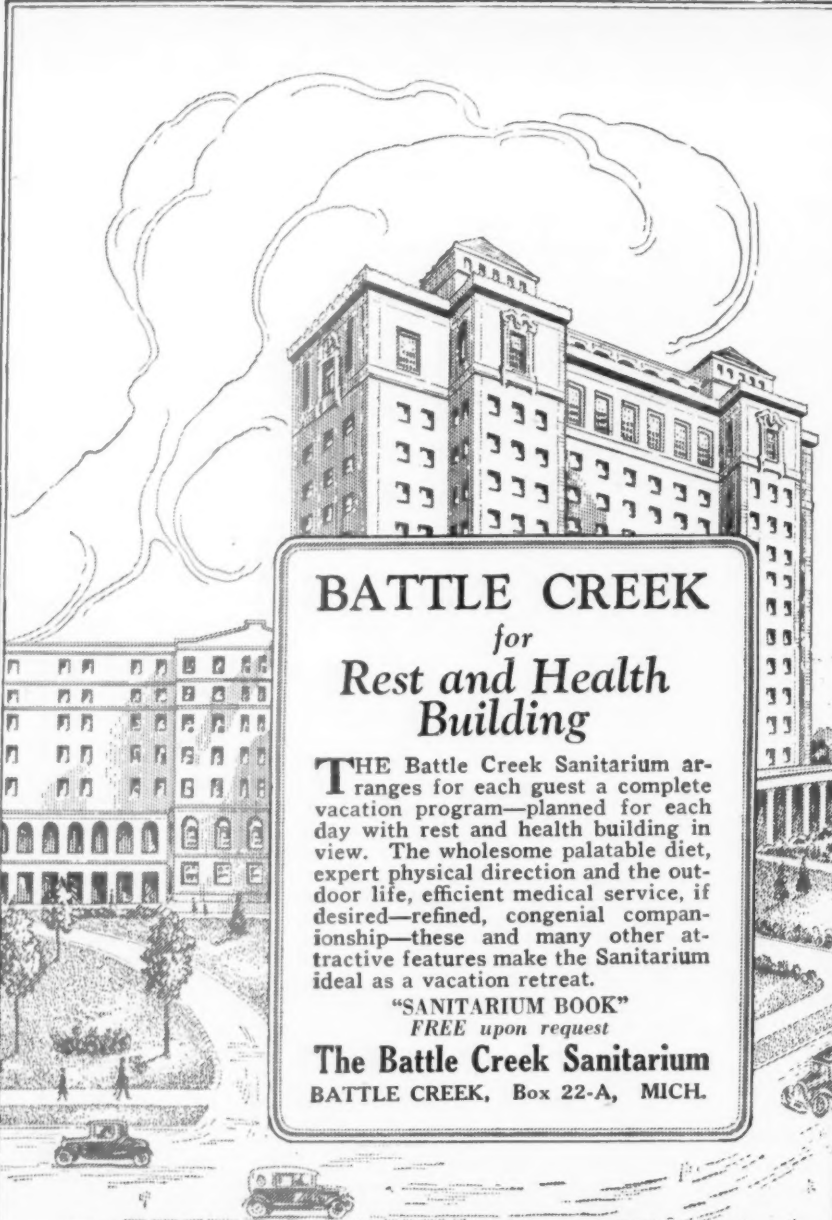
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for the foreign accent was obvious even to my ears.

“He is a Czech,” was the reply. Noting my astonished look, my neighbor added, “but you must remember that he is a Rotarian, and therefore a friend.”

Then, and then only, did I understand the importance of the work which the Rotary club, one of the “quiet workers for international good-will,” is doing in Europe. Frontiers do not exist for it, racial hatreds do not count with it, politics cannot divide the members, for they belong to an international society, pledged to promote a better understanding among business and professional men.

President Hegedus told us that he was so touched by the kindness he had received from Rotarians during his American visit, and so impressed by the usefulness of the Rotary club, that he was organizing three other clubs in Hungary. He also said that at the Rotary convention held in Ostend, speeches were made for the first time in German, and were heartily applauded by French and Belgian delegates.

That Rotarians in America do not appreciate European conditions to the full, is clearly shown by this scrap of a conversation which took place between Mrs. Kendrick and a Rotarian from Worcester, Massachusetts, on a recent trip to Prague.

In the course of conversation she naturally spoke to him and his wife about her work in connection with good-will. As a natural sequence followed her experiences with the Rotary club and the friendship which it is promoting between enemies of yesterday and today. Both the Rotarian and his wife were genuinely astonished to learn that such bitter feelings existed among the nations of Europe.

For a moment they looked their amazement, then the husband said:

“That’s absolutely outside our comprehension, such a problem would never occur to us.”

To which Mrs. Kendrick replied, enthusiastically:

“The Rotary club in this part of Europe shines like a bright star of hope on a dark night.”

With sparkling eyes he then made the proposition which begins this article.

In conclusion, I can assert, and with profound conviction, that if ever the country dance of hate ceases in Europe, one of the strongest factors in stopping the music will be the quiet, steady influence of the Rotary club.

ELSA CARLYLE SMYTHE,
13 Tautstammen Gasse,
Wein IV.

"Sidelinitis"

(Continued from page 11)

because of his part in pushing the program on to "Doc's" shoulders.

"You probably would, but that is not where I made this purchase. This coffee came from Hank's Drug Store. Now, let us consider this next case. I have here a bottle of a toilet preparation for use after shaving. Charley, where do you suppose I bought this?"

"Well, the drug store or perhaps the barber shop," replied President Charley.

"Wrong both times. This shaving lotion comes from the Ladies Exchange where one ordinarily buys lingerie and infants' wear. This next package is a hard one," continued Doc, reaching into his box again, "I have here a pair of coveralls which I am going to carry in my car to slip on in case of tire trouble. Can anyone tell me where I made this purchase?"

"Clothing store," guessed Fred.

"Garage."

"Hardware store."

"Dry goods."

Doc shook his head. "No use, fellows, you never could guess. These came from Slim's place which you all knew better before prohibition but which continues to serve soft drinks and ice cream and where you can play pool if you are so inclined.

"I COULD go on with this and show you a number of other items which are very much the same but I believe I have made the point clear which I have in mind and I am now going to give you the name of this disease. It is called 'Sidelinitis' and it is one of the most contagious of business diseases. A merchant may catch it from almost any traveling man or jobber's catalog. It is seldom fatal but in its advanced stages often brings about such radical changes that no one could recognize the business which originally contracted the disease.

"It can be cured by a rigid diet of buying only those items belonging to the regular business. It can be avoided by being reasonably careful of the same diet. It attacks all kinds of businesses and professions to some extent, although a number of trades and professions have succeeded in practically becoming immune. Fortunately I belong to one of these. Occasionally you find a doctor who has a drug store sideline but they are isolated cases and are becoming fewer and fewer. The clergy has, I believe, reached a condition of absolute immunity. Most manufacturers are making a fight and have cleansed their businesses in one way or another. The retail merchant and

the small-city professional man are still very susceptible to this disease.

"Sometimes it is difficult to tell whether or not a line is a sideline or really fits in. As an example, let us consider golf clubs and other golf supplies. This being the first year that our course is open it is still a question as to where we will find our equipment. In my visiting around I notice golf departments have sprung up in the clothing store, both drug stores, both hardware stores, the dry-goods store, and the gift shop. Surely there are not enough golfers in our city to require seven different stocks. I am at a loss to say where it really does belong, but I am sure that if we had one or two good stocks of golf supplies we could make a better selection than with seven small layouts, and probably one or two stores could get enough turnover to make the line profitable which the seven never could do.

"Now I don't want any of you to misunderstand me. Any business man has a legal right to sell any kind of merchandise that he feels he wants to. In doing so he should consider each class of items as a separate department. Each should show him a profit if he continues to handle it. A department store does not have sidelines because each department is considered by its self as an individual line. Each department is like a business and must show a profit or something is done about it.

"This evil that I am speaking of is the selling of one or two items that are a part of another man's regular line at a price that he cannot profitably meet. Several of you men have admitted that you sold this item or that item at a loss in order to draw people to your store. You make a leader of it. That may be right or wrong but when the leader is not a part of your regular line and reflects upon your neighbor who is selling the same item on a reasonable margin of profit, then surely it is not treating that neighbor according to the Golden Rule.

"Tom is sitting over there with a smile that plainly indicates that this speech is not to be taken as applying to lawyers and I feel that it is up to me to disillusion him. I called on a good many people besides the business men and I am going to tell you about the worst 'sidelinitis' case that I discovered. I found that I could buy life insurance from fourteen men besides the regular insurance agency in our town. There are two bank clerks, an editor, a restaurant proprietor,

10

CAMPAIGNS

in

6

STATES

and

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three lawyers, a filling station owner, a barber, a farmer, the postmaster, and the city clerk. I haven't a thing against insurance or against the men selling it but over half of these men know less about insurance than I do. Insurance is a business and the man who sells it should be well enough posted to recommend suitable policies for his clients. If it were necessary to pass an examination before you could sell insurance, there wouldn't be over five places in Idolton where insurance would be available. Five would be enough.

"There are a number of other similar cases that apply to both professions and retail business but we will not go into them now. I have only a minute or two left and I want to speak about one more thing.

"Forgetting the fact that you are hurting your neighbor by having a bad case of 'sidelinitis,' I want to tell you fellows that it will pay you to effect a cure. Each one of you can find enough to do if you properly handle your regular line without dabbling into three or four other fellows' business. I don't believe that there is a merchant in this town who can tell you all there is to tell about any of the products which he sells and in many cases I found that I knew more about an item than the man who was trying to sell it to me. I believe that it is one of the first laws in business that you must know more about the product than the customer. If you all do that, it will keep you busy and it will add more dollars to your sales than adding some article with which you are unfamiliar to your already sufficient stock. Or you might take the money tied up in your sidelines and put it into your regular stock giving all of us a better variety to select from.

"I have tried to bring you fellows an analysis of your business in a general way in the hope that it will be helpful to all of you and to this community. I am not a business man in the same way you are. I see things in a different light than you do. I am on the outside looking in. I want you all to go back to your store or office and look at the Rotary Code of Ethics which should be hanging there. You will find everything that I have said and more too, incorporated in a few short paragraphs. Read it carefully, it is the prescription for curing 'Sidelinitis.'"

DR. MANTON sat down. There was the usual applause and President Charley was announcing the program for the next week.

"Is there anything further to come before the meeting before we adjourn?"

Tom was on his feet. "President Charley, I have been a member of this

club since charter night. I have heard ninety-five per cent of all the addresses delivered here and this is the first time that I have seen an opportunity to really do something for the community that won't cost a cent. I know I owe Doc a vote of thanks. I think it is important that we individually get according to his diagnosis. Will the Program Committee follow this up? Let's have a study of business in this town and see what we can do about it."

There were nods of approval everywhere and as Tom sat down there was applause from many of the members. The gavel sounded and the meeting adjourned but it was longer than usual before the room cleared. It seemed that the members of the Rotary Club of Idolton had found something specific to do and were getting ready to do it.

Three months had elapsed since Doctor Manton had rather startled the Idolton Rotary Club with his very pointed remarks regarding "Sidelinitis," or in other words the very common practice of engaging in some line of business foreign to a man's regular vocation.

Doc had wondered many times whether the things he said that day would bring about any changes among the members of his club and if it would be worth while for the Vocational Service Committee to carry the matter any farther in the next program which they were supposed to put on the third Thursday of the month. He had noticed that Sam the hardware dealer had put on a special sale of golf clubs and cleaned out most of his stock of that line and had not as yet put any new stock in. He hadn't been able to find out whether Sam intended to cut out the golf clubs which were a sideline with him, or not and he rather hated to say anything to Sam about it for fear it would be taken amiss.

One afternoon Tom came to his office to see him about a number of accounts which Doctor Manton had given him for collection. After that matter had been taken care of Tom rose to go, but before he reached the door he changed his mind, came back and sat down in the chair and hitched it around the corner of the desk until Doc swung his chair partly around and faced him.

"Doc," he began, "I owe you a vote of thanks and I want to give it to you now. You remember that you took a shot right straight at me. I mean that you spoke about a lawyer selling insurance as one of the fellows who have this disease of 'sidelinitis.' Well, that shot hit me but it was one of those slow acting shells and it didn't explode until some time later."

"That is the kind of shots that count, Tom."

"...as I was saying," Tom continued. "One afternoon I rather took inventory of my business, and while I didn't think of it at the time, the things you said must have been in the back of my mind somewhere. In any case, I decided to discontinue the odds and ends of insurance that I had been writing. I had an agency for two fire-insurance companies, an accident insurance and a life-insurance company and my commissions from the whole bunch didn't amount to more than cigar money. I wrote the companies and told them I was giving up their agencies and asked them to appoint other agents to take care of the renewals so that I would be entirely out of it."

"That emptied one of the files and I could see that my stenographer would have a little more extra time as a result, so I determined to get up a special collection proposition with as much information as I could gather about all the people from whom I had tried to collect money. It takes time and I haven't completed it yet but I have made a very good start. The thing that pleased me most was that last week I received in fees for collection over one hundred dollars more than I ever took in from insurance in any week before. Of course, last week was exceptionally big but my collection fees show an increase of almost ten times the amount of the insurance fees I used to get before I put in this new record."

"I am mighty glad to hear you say so, Tom," Dr. Manton replied, "because I was just a little worried that perhaps my talk hadn't gone over with the boys."

"I wish I could do something that would be of as much real help as your talk was," Tom was edging his chair still closer, "and here is the only thought I have been able to produce. For your next Vocational Service program why don't you put on a trial? Have a judge and jury and all the trimmings and accuse some fellow in the club of unfair competition in some sideline."

"That is an idea, Tom. Do you think that we should take an actual case or a theoretical one?"

"An actual case would be better if we can get some one of the fellows who won't be hurt, and I think we can." Tom was all interest, "Do you know any of the fellows who are interested in this thing besides you and me?"

"The only indication that I have noticed of my talk having any effect was that Sam seems to have let his golf supply stock run down to a very low point as if he was going to discontinue it. I haven't said anything to him because I don't know him as well as



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I know some of the fellows." Doc was getting out pencil and paper.

"Well, I know Sam, and I know he is just the fellow who will be glad to help if he is going to throw out the golf stuff. I will talk to him over the back fence tonight and I know I can fix it all up. I'll be the prosecuting attorney, with your permission, and I'll give them a speech that would cost you money to hear me give in a regular case." Tom was as eager as a football quarterback with one yard to go.

"Let's get all the stuff lined up and you talk it over with Sam, and if he is willing we will have it already to spring two weeks from tomorrow. Now, who will be the judge?" Doc had headed the paper on his desk, "Mock Trial."

It was after six o'clock when Tom and Doc left the office and started home in Dr. Manton's car. They were still planning the trial although they had all the main points outlined.

THE next noon Tom brought Sam over to Doc's office on the way to the Rotary meeting.

"It's all fixed, Doc," Tom began. "Sam is mighty glad to help us out with our plan and I find that your talk hit him just as hard as it did me and he has been working to decide just which things he ought to call sidelines and which ones he should consider part of his business. He says he was planning to talk to you about it when you weren't so busy but hated to bother you about it."

"I'm never too busy," Doc replied more to Sam than to Tom "and it wouldn't be any bother at all but I am afraid I wouldn't be much help because I don't know the first thing about the hardware business."

"You don't have to know the hardware business," Sam told him, "you are the world's greatest authority on 'Sidelinitis.'"

"Let's go to lunch." Tom wasn't going to miss his lunch on account of a hardware business and it looked like Sam and Doc might get started on a long-winded talk.

After the regular meeting, Dr. Manton asked the other two members of the Vocational Service Committee, previously known as the Business Methods Committee, to stay just a minute and with Tom and Sam he outlined the plan of the trial as he and Tom had mapped it out the evening before. It met with immediate approval from Jack and Skinny not only because they felt it would be a good meeting but also because they wouldn't have to worry about putting on the program and both of them felt that after Doc's talk they couldn't say anything about business ethics that would be at all interesting.

Tom couldn't have done much col-

lecting during the following week because when the second Thursday of the month arrived he had prepared all the legal forms necessary for the trial and the sergeant-at-arms served them on the various members during the luncheon amid a great deal of good natured bantering. It wasn't necessary for President Charley to announce the meeting for the third Thursday but he did as was customary telling them only that it would be a Vocational Service meeting. The meeting broke up with only the five knowing what it was all about and everyone else trying to find out what kind of a trial it was going to be and who was guilty and of what. In fact that was one of the topics of conversation during the whole week so that it was small wonder that several members changed their plans purposely to be present and see what it was all about.

When the important Thursday rolled around there was only one absentee, Paul had been unfortunate enough to meet with an auto accident and was in the hospital. His condition was not serious and it was only by promising to come up right after the meeting and tell him all about it that Doc had been able to keep him from getting up and going to the meeting bandages and all, which might easily have brought on a serious condition.

Each member found that his identification button had been placed at a particular place at the table so that after the luncheon they would be all ready to proceed with the trial.

After the announcements and other details, the meeting was turned over to Dr. Manton and he explained that in order to save time and complete the program the impanelling of the jury and other legal routine which might lengthen the program without being of special interest would be dispensed with. The sixteen fellows present who were not already assigned to some part in the program would all be jurors. He also introduced President Charley as judge and the club secretary as the clerk of the court and the trial commenced.

TO give all of the proceedings of that meeting would take far too much space. The State of General Business Conditions in Idolton as Plaintiff was ably represented by Tom Thorpe as prosecuting attorney. The defendant, Sam Purcell, was represented by his attorney Father Clary whose plea was as strong as any he had ever made from the pulpit.

The charge, "that the defendant, Sam Purcell, had wilfully offered for sale certain items not regularly considered as part of a hardware stock, and that said defendant was not conversant with the uses and qualities of

said items nor were any of his employees, and furthermore that his stock of said items was not complete enough so that a customer could purchase what was ordinarily required therefrom" was comprehensive enough to allow Tom every chance of securing a conviction.

Skinny's testimony that he had gone to Sam to buy an outfit before ever having played a game of golf and that he had been allowed to purchase a driver of a weight and length used only by women and children without Sam telling him of the fact, was a windfall for the prosecuting attorney. Sam's testimony that he didn't know himself that it was not the right kind of a club for a man six feet in his stocking feet further strengthened the case of the State.

Other witnesses testified to the fact that they had tried to purchase wooden or celluloid tees and that Sam did not have them in stock although practically all the local golfers used them. A most damaging piece of testimony brought out the fact that at a recent golf tournament Sam had been unable to supply any brand of ball permissible for tournament play. Sam's defense that it didn't pay him to carry anything except the cheaper balls which most of the local players used every day was wonderfully brought out by his attorney but the point was nevertheless a score for his opponents.

The summing up of the case by Attorney Thorpe was a masterpiece and the plea of Father Clary was one to bring tears to the eyes. In fact, by the time the plea was made many of the jury had tears in their eyes although they were tears from laughter.

Although it was ten minutes after the regular closing time there was no uneasiness or shuffling on the part of the audience until after Judge Charley had given the charge to jury and adjourned court with instructions to the jury to return their verdict at the next meeting.

To state that the meeting was a success would be putting it mildly. Dr. Manton received compliment after compliment which he modestly refused and insisted that Tom was entirely responsible for the success of the meeting. The doctor was more interested in whether or not the idea which he had that sidelines didn't pay and weren't a

good thing was taking hold of any of the other members of the club.

His first indication that it was, came when he stopped in Hank's drug store a few days later and Hank said "Doc, I have discontinued selling tea and coffee before you put me in the same class with Sam and I get what he got last Thursday. I started selling those items as a leader only a short time ago and when some of the grocers put in aspirin and other things that I consider part of my line, it only made me mad and I went right ahead pushing things in their line that much harder. I'm cured and this is going to be the drug store with the fewest sidelines of any in the State."

"Good luck to you," Doc's smile was evidence of his approval. "May you become more and more successful in your chosen work."

That was only the beginning. Within six months a dozen instances came to his attention in one way or another which showed that not only the Rotarians but several of the other merchants had decided it was better business to push the lines regularly found in their businesses than to fool around with this, that, or the other specialty which really belonged in some one else's store.

The verdict of the jury of sixteen which reported before the meeting on the last Thursday of the month was "Guilty."

"Judge Charley," Sam was speaking, "It is customary to give the prisoner a chance to speak before sentence is passed and I would ask for a minute of this Court's time now, after the sentence. I am very happy to say that over a week ago I exchanged some of the golf clubs of my stock for others so that my personal golf bag might contain the right stick for every occasion. I have filed my application for membership with the local club and I hope within a short time to be able to speak the language of the game and call all the clubs by their right names. I have no intention of selling any more golf clubs or supplies but should I change my mind I promise you a golf stock complete in every respect."

Sam sat down amid more applause than had ever been given a speech of such short duration and Dr. Manton heard the clothier, who sat back of him, whisper to his neighbor, "That is just what I am going to do."

TO MY SON—AGED EIGHT

By Howard James Gee

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What We Read

(Continued from page 31)

rather mysterious author named Aloysius Horn; his second book, recently issued, has been received with interest if with less astonishment.

It cannot be said that the time is favorable for the poets. Less and less, it would seem, are the best of them guilty of the popular appeal. We have not a Tennyson, nor a William Watson, and a Noyes or a Newbolt will hardly take their place. Mr. Humbert Wolfe's vogue grows, and poems have lately been published by W. B. Yeats, W. J. Turner, Harold Monro, and John Masefield. Mr. Masefield, indeed, has had his words spoken or sung in Canterbury Cathedral, a remarkable distinction even in these liberal times. Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie, possessed by academic duties, is no longer prominent as a poet, but readers are found, if not in overwhelming numbers, for De la Mare, W. H. Davies, John Freeman, J. K. Stephens, the Sitwells, and others. The drama in verse, it must be confessed, does not flourish. We have such skilled practitioners as Gordon Bottomley, Lawrence Binyon, Wilfrid Gibson, Lascelles Abercrombie and others, but though their works are, in some measure, read they are rarely acted.

Yet our dramatic revival, such as it is, has not subsided, hardly slackened. The condition of our stage does not come within the scope of this article but it may be remarked that play-reading is now an established custom. Certain publishers cater for it specially and many of the plays are not performed or are done only in comparative obscurity by societies or enthusiasts. Particular plays do not commonly have a great circulation, but altogether they add up to a large number. To the objection that a play is not a play until it is performed—a proposition that a literary man would hardly accept—it might be rejoined that the unacted dramatists are waiting for the audience to catch them up. Without these rarely acted plays progress in the theatre would be even slower than it is. Theatrical conditions are very well explained in Mr. Ivor Brown's "Parties of the Play" one of the best of recent books on the subject. It suggests the difficulties of managers as well as of playwrights. The literary man's play is commonly treated with a kind of wistful respect:—"If only we could. But just now the theatre in London is in a devil of a state." The scope of the play enlarges. One of those that has lately attracted attention is Mr. John van Draten's "Young Woodley," once barred by the censor; its subject has generally been regarded

as taboo, but the play has been accepted because it is conceived and written delicately, not grossly or insistently. An amusing, ironical revival of interest in old fustian—one of the reactions of a serious age—is the fashion which sets us reading, or even performing, such plays as "Maria Marten" "Sweeney Tod" and "George Barnwell," specimens of an obsolete underworld of drama which may soon become a bore.

The death of Thomas Hardy, naturally, has prompted an extensive reading of his books and his name stands high in the record. Not only his novels but his poems and particularly his stupendous drama "The Dynasts" have been widely read. Doubtless he will presently suffer the detraction, the partial eclipse which follows upon general acclamation. The reaction against the Victorians has lost some of its force. It was and is a curious mixture of justice and petulance. Such great and comparatively recent figures as Meredith, Henry James, and Conrad, have suffered but we may look with confidence to their future. We seem to have approached the absurdity of a fashion that would exalt Anthony Trollope above Thackeray or some mediocrity above Meredith, but such aberrations may be left to cure themselves. It is now almost usual to disparage Charlotte Brontë to the supposed advantage of Emily and perhaps we approach the time when serious doubts will be cast on Proust and Joyce. Ardent young rebels are impatient of success.

A good many books of controversial literature about the war and its causes are read, and many of them are translations. Russia, too, provides a subject for many writers and there has been an outcrop of books bearing on the Pacific which is regarded by some of the prophets as the probable scene of a world's war. Mr. Shaw's most recent production, "The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism" may fairly be considered important. Doubtless there is a good deal of recapitulation in it but the mature judgment of Mr. Shaw must be received with respect and attention. The Ibsen centenary has evoked some performance of his plays and has sent many of us back to his books. Another centenary is that of Rossetti and this, again, has not been altogether a happy experience for surviving Victorians who recall the enthusiasms of the Eighties and Swinburne's generous championship. It might now be asked

whether, while eminent authors are neglected, there is much chance for those underestimated in their lifetime to emerge. The prime minister lately referred in public to the novels of the late Mrs. Mary Webb and gave the conviction of himself and literary friends that they have been unaccountably slighted. The reviewers can hardly be to blame, for they have given to a careless public sufficient indications of merit; whether the re-issue of "Precious Bane" and other of Mrs. Webb's books will make a permanent mark in the course of literary history may be subject for debate. Another incident, which has thrown Mr. Sean O'Casey into high relief, is the rejection of his play "The Silver Tassie" by the authorities of the Abbey Theatre. The publication of the play will add zest to a controversy which began very unhappily with a letter from Mr. O'Casey to Mr. W. B. Yeats.

To an extent that has never been so marked in English letters the note of revolt is sounded in the books of the younger generation. Sometimes it continues to sound without any particular reference to frustration or accomplishment. But one may quote here from a book recently published by Messrs. Appleton which deserves to be widely known both here and in the States. It discusses the relation of typical figures in American literature to their environment and comes to the remarkable conclusion that "though it may be impossible to indict a nation, our present writers have come nearer to succeeding in the attempt than any other group I know of in any country." Certainly one does not quote this with any complacency; it comes too near to ourselves. It seems that here too the artistic class is in perpetual revolt against the public which gives it its more flamboyant successes.

How Well Do You Know Your World?

(See pictures on pages 28 and 29)

1. The Nelson Column in Trafalgar Square, commemorates the last battle of England's one-armed and one-eyed admiral in 1805. The National Art Galleries are seen in the background of this view so familiar to Londoners.

2. Visby, the capital of the Swedish island of Gotland was a sanctuary and trading-center in old Norse times and was most prosperous from the eleventh to the fourteenth centuries. Nestled under and above a 100-foot cliff, the town with its many towers still keeps its mediaeval appearance.

3. The Schwedenbrücke crosses the Danube at Vienna, and it was Strauss who set couples whirling to the strains of his "Blue Danube." The Danube was brought two miles nearer the city by an artificial channel.

4. The Taj Mahal of Agra, India, was built by the emperor Shah Jahan as a shrine for his favorite wife, Mumtaz Mahal, and he himself was also buried there. It has been termed "the most splendidly poetic building in the world," "a dream in marble"; and was designed by Ustad Isa about 1632.

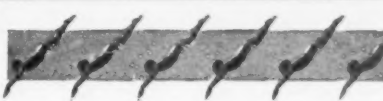
5. The Mosque of Omar—sometimes called the Dome of the Rock—crowns

Mount Moriah in Palestine where Abraham offered up his sacrifice the Jews declare; and also where Mahomet ascended to heaven, say his followers. Omar, second of the caliphs was assassinated in 644.

6. The Forth Bridge crosses the Firth of Forth near Queensferry—so named for Margaret the queen of Malcolm Canmore, and the ferry that here served the Scots bound for Dumferline. This bridge was one of the earliest of its type and 38,000 tons of steel were used in the construction.

7. The view of the Eternal City on the Tiber shows Hadrian's Tomb, and St. Peter's Cathedral. The imposing circular tomb became the foundation for a seventh century church and a mediaeval fortified castle where there is now a museum. The Cathedral was reconsecrated in 1854 after 30 years of rebuilding.

8. Fuji-yama, the beautiful Japanese mountain, stands 12,365 feet high and has been the inspiration for uncounted artists as well as devotees. It is about 70 miles from Tokyo and is a volcano, but there have been no eruptions for a century or more.



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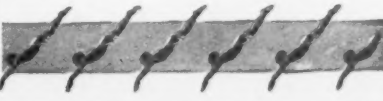
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Canberra

(Continued from page 21)

rival claims had to be carefully examined. After a decision had been reached, designs were called for, and sufficient time had to be allowed for competitors all over the world to prepare their plans for the judges to declare their verdict. In 1913, twelve years after the inauguration of the Commonwealth, the foundation stone was laid, but during the World War operations were suspended, and the post-war financial stringency was responsible for further delays. When M. Benolt conducted his explorations at Canberra the city had been in official occupation for only a year. All things considered, we, as Australians, have no cause to be ashamed of the progress Canberra has made. The Djinn in the Arabian Nights produced a city in the twinkling of an eye, but we must be content—as were the Americans—with more prosaic and less expeditious methods. At Washington the Capital was not completed until 1859—seventy years after the foundation of the city. As late as the sixties a traveler described the place as “a wilderness of mud and negroes, with a few big houses scattered here and there.” At any rate, Canberra is on the map. It is becoming increasingly popular as a resort for tourists, and even if M. Benolt failed to discover it his compatriots who follow in his footsteps will have better luck.

IN one respect Canberra is quite unique. It has the distinction of being the only city in the world which is the capital of the whole continent. But although Canberra will grow with the passage of the years, will it ever become the capital of Australia in a real sense? In this connection Boyce makes some interesting observations in his “American Commonwealth.” He says that, while Washington is the titular capital of the United States, the latter have strictly no capital at all. His theory is that a federation which deliberately sets out to create a seat of government out of nothing cannot, for many centuries at least, possess a capital. That term properly means “a city which is not only the seat of political government, but is also by size, wealth, and character of its population the head and center of the country, a leading seat of commerce and industry, a reservoir of financial resources, the favored residence of the great and powerful, the spot in which the chiefs of the learned professions are to be found, where the most potent and widely read journals are published,

whither men of literary and scientific capacity are drawn.” The heaping together in such a place of all these elements of power makes the city a sort of foundry in which opinion is moulded, a nerve center which registers every sensation and controls every movement of the body politic. No American city satisfies these conditions. London is unmistakably the capital of Great Britain, Paris is even more unmistakably of France, for although London contains one-sixth of the population of Britain, and France only one thirtieth, in Britain there are five other cities with a population of 500,000 and over, each with a vigorous corporate and intellectual life of its own, while in France there are only two. The predominance exercised by Paris is absolute. Whatever the future has in store for Canberra it cannot be expected that the city will achieve the all-round supremacy postulated by Bryce. It will never occupy the relative position of a London or Paris in Australia, but will correspond rather to Washington—a capital in name. What New York and Chicago are to Washington, Sydney and Melbourne will be to Canberra. Where the Australian Boston, the “cultural capital,” will be situated, is a question into which we distinctly refrain from entering.

Happily for Rotary there is no question of priority among its member clubs. When a Rotary club was organized in Canberra last February the event was hailed with satisfaction in all the other Australian cities where such clubs exist. The Sydney Rotarians sponsored a week-end conference at Canberra in June with the idea of helping the young club to make a good start. One hundred and twenty-three Rotarians, wives of Rotarians, and guests came to this conference. Fred Birks, district governor and Mrs. Birks were there; so was Alfred Holz, past-president of the Melbourne club; and a guest from Gore, New Zealand, came with the Sydney delegation. The business sessions of the mornings were followed by sight-seeing trips and social functions in the afternoons.

AN outstanding feature of this conference was the presence of Australia's Prime Minister, the Rt. Hon. Stanley M. Bruce, C. H., P. C., M. C. In the course of his address he referred to the fact that Canberra was especially fitted to be a Rotary city as it did not recognize state boundaries. He has also promised his cooperation for the Sixty-

fifth District Conference that will be held at Canberra on March 12th, when Rotarians from all parts of the island continent will have an excellent opportunity to combine fellowship with an inspection of their new capital.

Although not a Rotarian himself, the first citizen of the Commonwealth is much interested in the movement and his influence was largely responsible for the decision that Rotary's most important annual event in Australia should be staged in the Federal capital. He has had a remarkable career. Born at Melbourne in 1883 he had achieved cabinet rank at thirty-eight and became prime minister at thirty-nine. At forty he was made a privy councillor, and at forty-four—when the Duke of York opened the Parliament House at Canberra—the King recognized these services to Australia with the distinction of Companion of Honour.

His school career was marked by athletic performance and he rowed in the winning eight at the Oxford-Cambridge race of 1904. In 1907 he was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple. When war broke out he joined the Inns of Court Training Corps, was drafted into the Worcestershires, and in 1915 went on active service in Gallipoli. There he won the Military Cross, and was severely wounded at Sulva Bay. Later he received a captaincy in the Royal Fusiliers, was again wounded while serving in France, and was awarded the Croix de Guerre before he was invalided home.

Back in Australia in 1917 he soon established a business reputation with the firm founded by his father, and in 1918 won the Flinders (Victoria) seat in the House of Representatives which he has retained ever since.

His subsequent career involved his attendance at international councils of outstanding interest besides ever-increasing responsibilities at home. Five British cities; and four British, a Canadian, and two Australian universities have attested his meritorious work.

BUT if Rotary cannot claim more than the friendship of the prime minister, it can list among its tallest members Sir Robert Randolph Garran, K. C. M. G. solicitor-general to the Commonwealth. His six feet four make him an admirable man to rally round—and he became the first president of the newly formed club at Canberra. He was born in Sydney in 1867, and as his father was editor of the "Morning Herald" he got an early acquaintance with politics, philosophy, and literature. After his university course he practiced law in New South Wales, and took a great interest in the movement for federation of the Australian colonies.

When, toward the end of the nineteenth century these efforts were crowned by success he became the first head of the Commonwealth Law Department. At first he worked with just one office boy—and this association was the beginning of the staff which organized the first national election, and drafted the first statutes.

For a quarter of a century he has enjoyed the confidences of ministers at home, and the respect of officials abroad. For his difficult work during the war he received the title of Knight Bachelor in 1917, which was followed by the K. C. M. G. in 1920.

In private life he indulges his love of golf, gardening, art, and literature, and his four sons have already shown a desire to emulate his achievements.

One other Rotarian—formerly a member of the Hobart club—who was active in the organization of the Canberra club and is now a member there—should be mentioned. This is Sir John Butters, chief commissioner of Canberra. Although born and educated in England he has considerable claim on Australia, for he carried out two of the largest Commonwealth projects, the Tasmanian Hydro-Electric Scheme, and the building of the Federal Capital. After he left the University College of Southampton, where he led his class in engineering, he spent some time on Canadian and New Zealand hydro-electric projects before going to similar work in Australia in 1909. He joined the army at that time and was mobilized in 1914, but despite his continuous requests for foreign service was kept at home where he developed power plants to 63,000 horse-power despite the labor difficulties. For this he was promoted to major, received the O. B. E., and now ranks as honorary lieutenant-colonel.

In 1920-21 he visited America and Europe where he carried on scientific and technical investigations for the Tasmanian and the Federal governments. He holds membership in many learned societies.

When, in 1924, three commissioners were placed in charge of construction work at Canberra he was selected as chief commissioner and still supervises the improvements which have already made possible the transfer of nearly one thousand public servants from Melbourne. He had been made a C. M. G. in 1923 after completing the Tasmanian scheme and was knighted last year when H. R. H. the Duke of York visited Canberra.

It is significant that soon after his appointment as chief commissioner he promoted community libraries, recreational and sporting clubs among those engaged in building the new capital

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AMONG OUR LETTERS

Rotary Emblem on Store Windows

Dear ROTARIAN:

In a recent Weekly Letter from Rotary International, I am surprised and chagrined to note that among the bad usages of the Rotary emblem is the following:

(5) The following use is discouraged: On doors and windows of Rotarians' business premises.

Now I have been using the Rotary emblem on my office door for a long while back. I have proudly displayed the emblem for several reasons: (1) I want the world to know I am a Rotarian and that I subscribe to Rotary principles. I want to have the world know that I exercise the most ethical conduct in all my dealings. I want customers to know that I play fair at all times. I want the community to know that I have been selected by Rotary to represent my profession in my community. (2) I want any Rotarians, who happen to be passing through our town, to feel that here they have a warm friend. Time and again, Rotarians have dropped in, spent a few minutes with me, and have gone away reassured that our organization is one of world-wide fellowship. (3) I want the Rotary emblem before me as I walk into my shop day after day, to remind me of what I have promised to live up to in accepting membership in Rotary. (4) I want others to ask me about Rotary, in order that our membership may grow. (5) I want persons to think more of our town by seeing that we have Rotarians living here.

While I certainly want to live up to all the rules and regulations formulated by Rotary International, I do believe that section 5 of the statement regarding what constitutes good usage of the Rotary emblem, is somewhat unfortunate. I should like to see some discussion on the matter in your columns.

AUSTIN C. LESCABOURA,

Secretary, Rotary Club.

Peekskill, New York.

New Zealand Club Adopts Song

Dear ROTARIAN:

THE ROTARIAN for July appeared in our post box this morning and my "Rotarianne" has already read several of the articles and tells me that there is a treat in store for me when I can take an hour or two to enjoy the good things contained in it.

I'm chairman of the "Program Committee" here, and in addition to a vocational talk by our Rotarian M. D. there's going to be a new song introduced to our members, and that's the new Alton Rotary song from the July Number—"That's the Spirit of Rotary." With all good wishes and kind regards.

HORACE S. COTTELL,

Napier, New Zealand.

Testimony

Editor, THE ROTARIAN:

The very interesting publication which you direct with such clear intelligence, and which always carries material so select and varied, continues to arrive regularly.

We wish to give testimony to you of our gratitude for this generous message which renders to our faculty and students an important service.

A. NIELO CABALLERO,

Director, Gimnasio Moderno.

Bogota, Colombia.

Will Some Reader Help Him?

Dear ROTARIAN:

Could you oblige me by finding out what is the most practical and simple work on breaking in sporting dogs to the gun, retrieving, etc.

I am anxious to secure a book that will be of

practical assistance and will appreciate it if you can help me.

Thanking you in anticipation, I remain

F. G. WAYNE,

Secretary, Rotary Club.

Thames, New Zealand.

Appreciation

Dear ROTARIAN:

I want to express my appreciation of the September ROTARIAN. I have read it through and to me it is one of the best editions I have seen.

I enjoyed particularly the article "I Have a Small-Town Complex." It is a mighty fine exposition and is all true.

I enjoy the column "Who's Who-In This Number" because it gives the reader a kind of acquaintanceship with the various writers. In fact I think it would be a good thing to give a little more space to these personal introductions.

SEARL S. DAVIS,

Plattsmouth, Nebraska.

"As One That Serveth"

Dear ROTARIAN:

What an ideal Rotary has set up—to it one must look as the Psalmist of old did when he said, "I will lift up mine eyes to the hills from whence cometh my help." All great help to great living comes from lifting up one's eyes to high things—every-day life must often be lived on the plain level—on prairie or desert, but above them all if there be no hills there is the blue vault of heaven and the stars.

What a goal for Rotary to strive for—and it cannot be gained without much strife, with the lower, greedier self which asks for much and gives little. The idea of service is well advertised today—one sees it now at oil and gas stations and it is shown in the way we are waited on there. Quite a change from the time when it was a great favor and something to be paid for to get a little air and water or polish for the front glass. This is done because it is good business and big business has adopted it along many lines. The "public be damned" has quite gone out of style. Now if this be true, and it is, for big business is making a big profit, it is true for us all to the extent of a big profit—not only to pocketbooks but to character.

Jesus said once to his disciples, "I am among you as one that serveth," and not one person in a million realizes how his practice squared with His teachings when He washed His disciples' feet. Service before self, the teaching and the act of one who was interpreting God to the world in the language of action which all could see and understand no matter what the tongue in which they were born or the language they had learned to speak. A Hindoo professor and head of a college records a vision not of the night but of the day—a real vision. He says: "I once saw Christ. The plague was raging in the city and only the sick and dying were left. All others who could fled in terror. Whole sections of the town were deserted, but to my surprise I saw a missionary lady coming out of a house where there was plague. She came with hands extended to me and said, 'I am sorry that I cannot shake hands with you, for my hands are plague stained.'" Service not only before self, but with hardly a thought of self. If Rotary can do anything like that, it will need few after-dinner speeches to tell in flowing sentences what service means. Service, without waiting to think of reward, or of whether it is our turn, or whether we are properly thanked and appreciated. Service to all, for all, without regard to creed or race or color or gain. Is it not a high ideal? Is it not almost beyond the attainable? But there it stands at the forefront of Rotary professions and we have got to try and make good or quit.

CHARLES FARRAR,

Eureka, California.

Rotary Publications a Rotarian Should Read

Rotary has developed quite a literature. Every Rotarian should perfect himself in Rotary by reading Rotary literature. To begin with he should read the monthly magazine, *THE ROTARIAN*, which brings him the news of Rotary clubs from all parts of the world. There are, however, some pamphlets and books which will be found particularly helpful in the acquiring of a deeper knowledge of the Rotary Movement.

What Is the Rotary Club? (Pamphlet No. 2.) An 8-page attractive short explanation of Rotary in simple language. Just the thing to have on hand to give to a friend who asks you the question, What is the Rotary Club? Price, 2c each.

A Talking Knowledge of Rotary. (Pamphlet No. 11.) A 32-page pamphlet setting forth the scope and purpose of a Rotary club, the obligations a Rotarian assumes and the benefits he derives from his membership. Price, 10c each.

Snyopsis of Rotary. (Pamphlet No. 20.) An historical and statistical account of the birth and growth and development of the Rotary movement. 32 pages of concentrated Rotary. Price, 10c each.

Membership in Rotary. (Pamphlet No. 17.) This 32-page pamphlet analyzes many perplexing questions regarding the classification principle and membership in Rotary. Price, 10c each.

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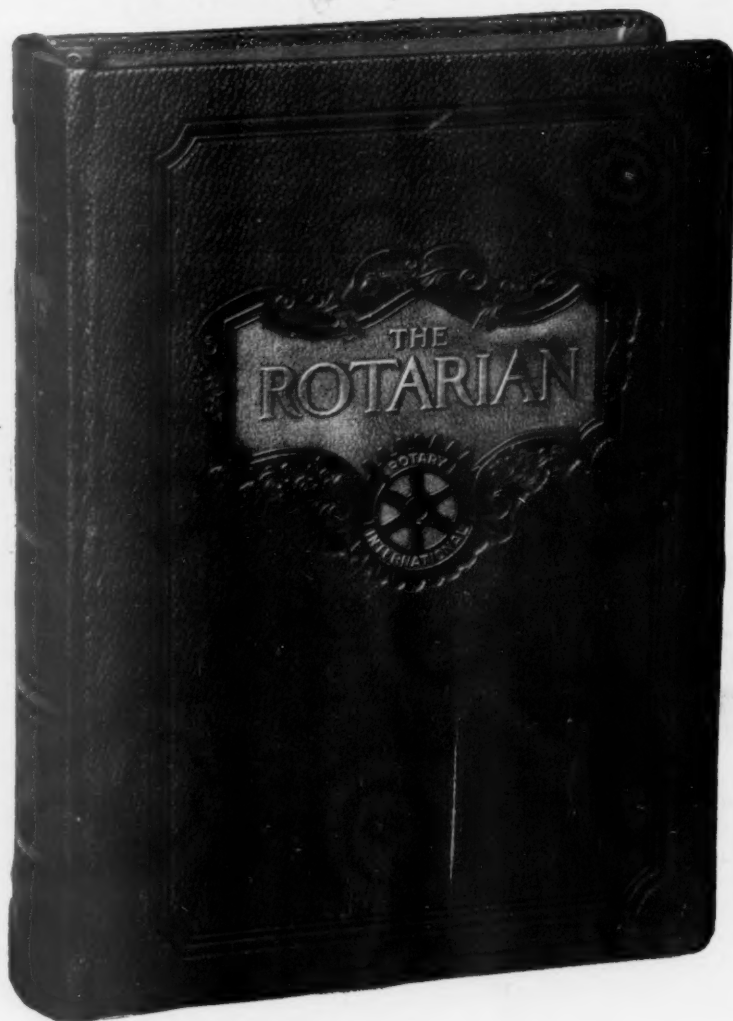
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